

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE "revelations" which have been made in sundry newspapers of the tactics of the Tory party are of such a character that, if it were not for the fact that the papers in question are favourable to the Opposition, we should certainly feel justified in regarding them as slanders upon Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. According to the statements to which we refer, the Tory leader and his Unionist colleague are resolved to compel Ministers to resort to the closure in order to bring the Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill to a close. In order to effect this purpose they mean to keep up the debate upon the Bill for an indefinite period—until, in fact, the Government are compelled to act. Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain then, according to their spokesman, mean to turn their attention to the Estimates. On these they intimate their determination to resort to obstruction of the most flagrant and unblushing kind, and they calculate that they ought by this means to keep the House sitting until the beginning of October. Their avowed purpose is to prevent any progress being made by the Government with British legislation during the year. They contend, moreover, that the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by Lord Salisbury ought to be followed by an immediate dissolution—a contention which is, we need hardly say, preposterously unconstitutional, and in which neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Chamberlain can really believe.

It is only necessary to say one thing about this precious "plan of campaign." That is, that its only chance of success would be through the weakness of the Government. Fortunately, the present Government is not a weak one. Its chief offence, indeed, in the eyes of its opponents has been its determination to make vigorous use of the weapons it possesses for the purpose of putting down the grave Parliamentary crime of obstruction. Now that Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain, by the hand of their representative in the Press, have confessed that they mean to resort to this crime, it becomes the duty of the Government to enforce the law most rigorously against them. Nor do we believe for a moment that the public will complain when it sees the conspirators baffled by the free use of the closure. We trust, therefore, that Ministers will insist upon bringing the Report Stage of the Home Rule Bill to a close not later than Friday next, and will subsequently, upon the Estimates, take all the necessary steps for preventing the

wanton waste of time with which we are threatened by the leaders of the Opposition.

SOME of the Welsh members have been showing decided impatience during the past week, because Mr. Gladstone has not given them a distinct promise that the Church Suspensory Bill shall be pressed forward as the first measure of importance after Home Rule. We have touched elsewhere upon some of the excuses for this Welsh impatience. But, however natural, and from that point of view however excusable it may be, it is certainly neither wise nor reasonable. The ardent Welshmen who are inclined to quarrel with Mr. Gladstone because he cannot at once push forward the cause of Disestablishment, may fairly be asked to look at the situation as a whole. There is in the first place the avowed intention of the Opposition to do everything in their power to prevent any British legislation being undertaken by the Government. There is next the fact that many claims besides those of the Welsh Radicals demand the attention of the Government, and that some of these claims are certainly greater in weight if not in urgency than that of the Suspensory Bill. Fortunately, there is so strong a feeling among Liberals generally in favour of the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church, that no great harm is likely to be done by the rather petulant language of some of the Welsh members, and the ardour with which they are seeking to give the Suspensory Bill the first place in the Liberal programme. But if Liberals were not thoroughly in earnest on this subject, the action of some of the Welsh members might have a disastrous influence upon the fortunes of Welsh Disestablishment.

THE Welsh members should not forget the precedent of Scotland. The English National Federation went in for Welsh Disestablishment at Newcastle. But years before—certainly in October, 1885, if not earlier—the assembled Liberal Associations of Scotland voted enthusiastically that "the time has come to make Disestablishment a plank in the platform of Scottish Liberalism," and sent their resolution to Mr. Gladstone. Technically, that resolution did not bind him, any more than did that of the English Associations at Newcastle. But morally both were of great importance, Scotland having the advantage that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington had promised so far back as 1877 that whenever Scotland, or even its Liberal party, went in for Disestablishment they would accept the verdict. The verdict in this case, too, was given, it will be observed, before the Irish Question came in to perplex and enrich our politics, and when our cabinet

still enclosed Gladstone, Chamberlain, and Hartington.

YET the Scotch Members have been cautious and loyal, and have not pressed any formal precedence which these ancient obligations might suggest. And in one way they have had their reward. Every conceivable alternative to Disestablishment, and to fair dealing all round in Scotland, has been brought forward during the fifteen years' trial of the question there. Patronage Bills, Finlay Bills, Laymen's-League Bills—all are rejected; and to-day it seems admitted, as in Scotland, that religious equality is the only solution even proposed. This gives much greater interest to the coming meeting of the Prime Minister with the Scottish Liberals on Friday, the 25th. And it may explain, too, why up to this time he has kept Wales and Scotland straining equally, like two hounds in a single leash.

THE debate upon the Second Chamber in the Irish Parliament which took place on Tuesday was one of very considerable importance. The Radical Left, among the Ministerialists, naturally seized with eagerness an opportunity of demonstrating, not, perhaps, so much against Second Chambers generally as against that particular Second Chamber with which Englishmen are more specially concerned. But the most remarkable feature of the evening was the large support given to Mr. Dalziel's motion by members of the Tory party. In spite of the warnings addressed to them by Mr. Courtney, a very considerable contingent of Tories went into the lobby to vote against the principle of a Second Chamber. No doubt they will justify themselves on the ground taken by Mr. Balfour, when he declared that he meant to vote for every amendment, no matter whether it injured the Home Rule Bill or improved it. But it is still rather awkward that they should have committed themselves by their votes to an opinion adverse to the Second Chamber, at the very moment when they and their party are looking to that Chamber to act as the saviour of Society.

THE report of the conversation which took place recently between the Speaker and Count Szapary, in which some of the more delicate points in the relations of the two Houses of Parliament were touched upon, has attracted a good deal of attention. The Speaker has, indeed, found it necessary to disclaim any responsibility for the reports of the conversation which have appeared in print, or for "the application of the principles stated to current questions of Home politics." We think he has acted wisely in issuing this disclaimer; for in the published report of the conversation with Count Szapary there were not only some principles enunciated of very dubious soundness but they were apparently directly associated with the question of the Home Rule Bill and the House of Lords. The Speaker has, of course, a perfect right to his own opinions upon all political questions; but considering the peculiar position he holds in the House of Commons, it would be most unfortunate if his private utterances at the luncheon-table were to be converted into partisan manifestoes. It is certain that Mr. Peel himself must feel this as strongly as anybody can do, and we are glad that he has been able to disclaim the objectionable interpretation which was generally placed upon his conversation with Count Szapary.

THE Hereford election is a disappointment to Liberals, though there had never been any strong hopes of retaining the seat. The majority for Mr. Radcliffe Cooke, the Tory candidate, is so small that no general deductions can be based upon the result of the contest. Still, it is a seat lost to Ministers, and a consequent reduction of two in the majority.

Of the various incidents of the contest it is unnecessary to speak. Mr. Radcliffe Cooke was backed up by all the wealth and influence of the Unionist party, and he seems to have been successful in winning over a certain number of the railway workers, who last year voted in a body for Mr. Grenfell. There is not much to say with regard to the general effect of the election. It is, we repeat, a disappointment to Liberals, but it is one which they had from the first anticipated.

THE effects of the coal strike are becoming very serious. Prices have risen sharply in London; passenger and goods trains have been taken off; much distress is reported from Lancashire, and a battle, in which the strikers were badly beaten, from South Wales. Here the miners are under a sliding scale, which requires six months' notice for its termination; but they have come out nevertheless, and are being summoned and fined in consequence. Happily the men of Northumberland and Durham have decided not to come out, and by so doing have seceded from the Miners' Federation. But the outlook is alarming, in the interests, mainly, of labour, and the meeting of the Federation next Tuesday is anxiously awaited. Its officials still scout the idea of arbitration.

THE present holiday season has been marred in an unusual degree by serious casualties. Of the terrible accident on the Taff Vale railway last Saturday, with its twelve killed and sixty wounded, and its horrors intensified by one or two disastrous failures or blunders in the work of rescue, little can be said pending the official inquiry. Three coach accidents, which might have been much worse, have together injured some seventeen persons; and the deaths by drowning—sometimes of whole parties, as in two cases just reported from Ireland, and last week in South Wales—have been more numerous than ever. Among bathers a dozen or so are drowned daily. Here at least there is an obvious precaution within reach. When will swimming be a part of the education of every child in the United Kingdom, girl or boy? we ask; and remember that the last School Board for London proposed to provide facilities for it, and that the present Board began its downward career by refusing them.

NEVER, probably, within living memory have these islands experienced such a spell of brilliant weather and high temperature as during the last fortnight. The consequences are not yet so serious as those reported from parts of France and Spain, where water is scarce or unobtainable and the heat unexampled. Nor, as in the earlier part of this year at home, is a water famine yet threatened; but it has been difficult not to expect one. At least the hot dry weather on the Continent has spared us from a cholera scare. There are a few cases of the disease at Braila and at Naples, in Galicia and elsewhere in Austria, and even at Berlin; and the Catholics of Germany have taken fright and postponed their intended Congress at Würzburg; but there is no obvious reason why cholera should not be endemic all over Southern Europe: and, at any rate, it does not spread. And the sanitary authorities are ready.

THE excessive heat of the weather is said to have resulted in a considerable increase in the number of suicides in Paris. We do not pretend to assign the same cause for the suicides which have lately taken place in England; but undoubtedly the newspapers have had to record some very striking and painful incidents of this class. The saddest of all have been the suicides of mere children. Last Saturday, for instance, a boy of sixteen committed suicide by hanging in London. The evidence given by his father at the inquest showed not only that he was a healthy, happy and high-spirited boy, but that down to the moment

when he was last seen before taking his life, he appeared to be particularly cheerful. Yet he left a note saying that the misery of his life was greater than he could bear—at sixteen years of age! Nor was this an exceptional case. Even children still younger have joined the ghastly army of suicides within the last week or two. To the sociologist as well as to the Christian it is a perplexing and terrible phenomenon that thus presents itself. Is there any harm in suggesting that a little wholesome teaching as to the cowardice and meanness of suicide might not be out of place in our schools just now?

THE Home Secretary has reprieved Cook, the boy of sixteen who was sentenced to death at the last Leeds Assizes for the murder of his little brother. The case was certainly a mysterious one. The young criminal bore the best of characters, and was regarded by his parents as a particularly affectionate and well-behaved boy. He had no grievance against his brother, and had always been kind to him. Yet he killed him ruthlessly, without passion or any ostensible reason. It is, of course, natural to suggest that some sudden impulse, bordering on insanity, led him to commit the dreadful deed. Everybody will be relieved to think that the country is not to be disgraced by the hanging of this child. Yet we are sorry to see that the death penalty has been duly inflicted during the week upon another convicted murderer only a few years older than Cook. In this case a lad of nineteen has been hanged for a murder committed during a poaching affray. We do not suggest that any hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to the age below which nobody shall be hanged; but we certainly think that, unless there are circumstances of altogether exceptional aggravation, a murderer who has not attained the age at which the law regards him as responsible for his debts, ought to escape the gallows.

THE devices of the omnibus pirate are always irritating; but they are a serious matter to a great many of those travellers whom the low fares now usual have induced to take advantage of the traffic. Sometimes the pirate is caught and fined; but usually he is careful to keep within the limits of a somewhat elastic law. Mr. Matthews, when at the Home Office, let the whole subject alone. Mr. Asquith, according to his answer on Thursday night, is consulting with the police authorities, with the view of securing more uniformity in the fares and check the extortions out of which the pirate makes his living. These minor improvements in administration do not make much show; but they make the daily life of the masses easier, and earn more general gratitude than many sensational reforms.

ABROAD. It is fortunate that the serious riots between Mahomedans and Hindoos in Bombay, which broke out at the close of last week, have been suppressed. For a time they caused alarm to the authorities both in India and at home. There is reason to believe that the riots are connected with an agitation against cow-killing that has for some time been spreading all over India. A curious light is thrown upon the real state of that country by this fact. Religious questions still furnish the dividing lines among the population, and people fight as fiercely there over questions of faith as they did in Europe three centuries ago. So long as neither party turns against the British Government, these fierce quarrels are, of course, of no special importance to us. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that the Goorkhas, who furnish our best soldiers in the East, are strongly opposed to the killing of cows; and it is therefore easy to imagine a case in which a

riot like that of last week might have very serious consequences.

THE result of the Behring Sea Arbitration, to which we refer at length elsewhere, will, we trust, lead to still closer feelings of friendship between this country and the United States. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that Senator Morgan dissented on every point, except one of small importance, on which the decision was against the United States. It is also to be regretted that Sir John Thompson could not assent to the regulations; the only point, indeed, where the decision went against Canada. Perhaps it would be better if active politicians, even though they also happen to be distinguished lawyers, were avoided in constituting international tribunals. But we do not doubt that both Canada and the United States will join in loyally carrying out the decision now that it has been given. Happily in every part of the English-speaking world the doctrine that the will of the majority, whether of the people or of a tribunal, should prevail is fully understood. This it is, especially, which makes us hopeful as to the future of arbitration between English-speaking communities.

THE Belgian Senate has at last extricated the reform of its own body from the deadlock which the divisions of parties in the Chamber had brought about. In future seventy-six senators—divided among the provinces of the kingdom according to population—are to be chosen by the same electorate as the Chamber, the choice being restricted by the requirement of a rather high property qualification, and the fixing of the age of candidates as forty at least. Twenty-six are to be elected by the various provincial councils; and in their case the property qualification may be dispensed with, provided they have filled certain high offices in the public service, or hold certain official positions in connection with the various professions. This latter provision secures the "representation of interests"—i.e., classes and professions—of which a good deal may be read in the works of political theorists, and which exists in Austria. The numbers of both classes of senator are provisional, and the right to vote in the election of the former class may be confined by ordinary law to persons over thirty. The proposal, like many of those mooted in the course of the debates on revision, looks rather fanciful and *doctrinaire*. But it is the function of small states to try constitutional experiments—as in the case of the Swiss referendum and initiative in Switzerland, and in the complicated system of proportional representation with which several of the cantons have burdened themselves for the better instruction of mankind in its defects.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL announcement has appeared in Germany to the effect that the proceedings of the Congress of Finance Ministers of the various states of the Empire at Frankfort were entirely harmonious, and that a general agreement was reached on the subject of the new taxes to be proposed on the reassembling of the Reichstag. It is difficult to suppose that the Reichstag itself will find the proposals satisfactory. Nothing can be said against the introduction of receipt stamps (the tax on advertisements, it appears, has been dropped), but the tobacco trade is protesting energetically against any interference with its productions; and it is certain that a tax on wine—even though, as is proposed, it only touches the better qualities—will be exceedingly unpopular in the wine-growing districts of the West and South. Meanwhile Baron von Maltzahn has been succeeded as Secretary of the Imperial Treasury by Count Posadowsky-Wehner, who has filled various high posts in Prussian provincial administration, but, though an ex-Deputy, is little known, if at all, in the political world. It remains to be seen if his inventive genius will be more effective than that of his predecessor.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE course of Hungarian politics during the last fortnight has been marked by two curious and significant events. It had been intended that a body of Austrian Landwehr should take part in the military manœuvres which will shortly be held, partly in Galicia and partly in Hungary. However, certain Hungarian purists have reminded the Minister of War that the presence of Austrian troops on Hungarian soil is contrary to the express provisions of the Hungarian Constitution, and the programme has been modified in consequence. Taken together with a recent official declaration implying that Czechs (especially Young Czech agitators, of course) are foreigners on Hungarian soil, this suggests reflections as to the character of the Dual Monarchy. The other event is the publication of certain revelations by an emissary of the party of Hungarian independence and ex-official of the Foreign Office as to his attempts last year to excite sympathy with Magyar aspirations in Russia, and, in fact, to enlist that Power on the anti-German side in Austro-Hungarian politics. The task does not at first sight seem a very hopeful one, looking at the relations between Magyars and Slovaks, for instance, which we chronicled last week, and it is not surprising that some of the high personages in Russia who were interviewed said as much. Kossuth has ridiculed the plan, and M. Eötvös, one of the Nationalist leaders, has disavowed it. But it deserves notice as a sign of further dangers incident to the Dual Monarchy—and indirectly to the Triple Alliance as well.

At the Socialist Congress last week M. Domela Nieuwenhuys, the head of the Dutch delegation, advocated a general strike in the event of war, partly on the ground of the imminence of civil war between Sweden and Norway. No doubt the materials are at hand for a serious struggle between the two countries. Preparations for the General Election are actively proceeding in Sweden; while the Norwegian Storting lately met the King's action in the matter of the separate Consular service by cutting down the Civil List. Just at present, however, an impression seems prevalent that the extreme Nationalists are losing ground in Norway. Moderate men, after all, do not want a civil war over a question of Consulates, unfair though the treatment of Norway in the matter may be. Moreover, the real cause of apprehension on European grounds—the harbour open at all seasons in Northern Norway which it is supposed that a Norwegian Republic would offer Russia as a permanent outlet into the Atlantic—would supply the alarmists of Europe with so much fresh material that it would be a gift of dubious value to Russia. If only an outbreak can be staved off till the General Election in Norway next year, it seems probable now that it will be averted altogether.

THE Socialist Congress which closed last Saturday at Zürich—with a race against time in which it was badly beaten—has had two important results. In the first place, the vast majority of Socialist organisations throughout the world have decided to effect the Social Revolution not by violence but by Parliamentary means alone. Now this presages a future modification of their creed, and to the possibility of an eventual compromise, or series of compromises, between their aims and the economic practices of to-day. In the second place, however, it is clear that they will always be threatened by a violent minority of Anarchist Dissentients, many of them worshippers more or less of "Our Lady Dynamite," who were excommunicated, indeed, at last week's Congress, but have a considerable following throughout Europe. The orthodox Socialists may be further weakened by the international friction which is one of the minor results of the Congress. Socialism, as the French and Dutch Socialists complain, is more than ever dominated by

the militarist tendencies of Germany. There is to be stricter discipline and more elaborate organisation; but there is to be no general strike in the event of war, no violent uprising of the toilers, no rhetoric about the rights of man and the Revolution. Indeed, that sort of rhetoric, as we note elsewhere, is being hastily appropriated in France by the *bourgeois* parties for electioneering use against the Labour Party. National feeling, in short, bids fair to check international, and the results are not favourable to Socialist ideals.

TO-MORROW will see the first application of the Initiative lately introduced into the Swiss Federal Constitution. It is a pity that it should be in a cause which is at bottom that of Anti-Semitism. It is proposed to invite the Federal Council to propose the addition of a new clause to the Constitution, prohibiting the bleeding of any cattle intended for immediate slaughter unless they have been previously stunned. Pigs are also included, as a concession to the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals which exist in many of the Swiss cantons; but the real object of certain of the promoters is to prevent Swiss Jews from having meat provided for them according to the provisions of the Mosaic law. Attempts to do this have been made in Aargau and Berne at various times, especially since 1887, but hitherto without success. Independent authorities declare that the Jewish method of slaughter is cruel—Dr. B. W. Richardson, we think, did so without any reference to this question in a recent magazine article—but it can hardly be much worse than the method of pole-axing as ordinarily practised, and we may well doubt if this is the real reason why 83,000 signatures are attached to the demand for legislation. Various prominent politicians, including M. Numa Droz, have taken a strong stand against the measure.

It is not very easy to follow the progress of events in Argentina. Apparently the work of pacification, which was proceeding under Radical auspices in Buenos Ayres last week, did not go far enough to satisfy the Radicals in that province and went too far to please the Federal Congress. Accordingly, the more Radical members of the Federal Government resigned, leaving the task of prosecuting ex-President Juarez Celman (for a fraud committed during his Presidency, but only recently discovered) to their less Radical, if not Requist, successors. The crisis is to be regretted, both because Argentina can ill stand any fresh financial disturbance, and because, so far as can be made out, the Revolutionists are the real party of order and their attacks are directed against various corrupt provincial survivals of the Celman régime. Whether the new Cabinet will be strong enough or earnest enough to root out those survivals remains to be seen. At present a state of siege has been proclaimed throughout the Republic.

THERE are now a few signs of returning life in the publishing world. LITERATURE, Among the first to issue an autumn list is Mr. Fisher Unwin, by whom are promised a volume of portraits of "Lord Tennyson and his Friends," with an essay by Mrs. Ritchie; "American Illustrators," by F. Hopkinson Smith; Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Autobiography of Wolfe Tone;" Mrs. Besant's autobiography, as also that of the Italian tragedian Salvini; "A Book of Thoughts, linked with Memories of the late John Bright," by Mrs. Curry; a volume of the late James Runciman's essays, upon which Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Stead collaborate; and additions to Mr. Unwin's various "libraries." Mr. Murray has in the press "Charles Darwin: an Autobiography with Selections from his Letters." Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. will publish "My Dark Companions

and their Strange Stories," by Mr. H. M. Stanley; Jules Verne's new story, "The Castle of the Carpathians"; and what may be regarded as the last of the "Little Women" series—a volume of "Comic Tragedies," by the late Miss Alcott. Messrs. Chapman and Hall will shortly issue "A Tour in Palestine and Syria," by Mr. John Brinton.

SIR EDWARD HAMLEY was emphatically a "many-sided" man. He was not only a scientific soldier of the first rank, but an artist, a man of culture, and a man of letters. He had served in the Crimean War, and written upon it; he had made occasional, and successful, appearances as a novelist; he had sat for seven years in Parliament as Conservative member for Birkenhead; and he had been the first head of the Staff College, and had held a prominent command in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882. Dr. William Clifford, Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton, was the descendant of old English Catholic families, and is credited with the special favour of the Pope. The Rev. Dr. George Henry was a missionary of the Scotch Free Kirk in Africa. Like so many of his fellows, he had done much towards providing philologists with fresh material. Miss Carlotta Leclercq (Mrs. Nelson) had been associated with Kean and Fechter, but had seldom appeared on the stage of late years. M. Blanche and M. Charcot were two of the most distinguished of French specialists in insanity and cerebral pathology. The latter was well known to the general public in connection with his experiments in hypnotism. Dr. Carl Müller, director of the Art School at Düsseldorf, was well known in Germany as a painter of religious subjects—especially for altar-pieces. Among his best-known works are the frescoes in the well-known Apollinaris Kirche at Remagen, which gives its name to the more famous mineral spring. Mr. George Makepeace Towle was an American man of letters and historian of considerable merit, whose services, like those of Hawthorne and Howells, and others of their calling, had been rewarded by various posts in the Consular service of the United States.

THE TACTICS OF THE OPPOSITION.

WE do not suppose that any "sense of meanness"—their own meanness—is likely to trouble the members of the Opposition in connection with the tactics they have now formally adopted for the purpose of injuring and if possible destroying the Government. They are far too full of their own virtues, and of the wickedness of the men they are opposing, to be troubled by any doubts as to the character of the operations in which they are engaged. It is useless therefore to ask the "gentlemen of England" whether their present plan of campaign is one of which—as gentlemen—they have any reason to be proud. The better plan for Liberals will be to face the facts at once, and to recognise that they have to deal with an Opposition whose flagrant dishonesty and disloyalty have never been equalled before in the history of British politics. This is a strong assertion, but unfortunately for the Opposition it is one the truth of which can only too easily be established. Mr. Balfour and his friends are singularly unfortunate in one respect. They have among their allies a number of exceedingly maladroit controversialists, who on more than one important occasion have done them the disservice of blurring out the truth as to their motives, when both policy and decency made it necessary that this truth should, if possible, be concealed. On Tuesday last one of these clumsy advocates undertook to speak on their behalf in the pages of the *Times*. Posing as the political correspondent of that journal, he set forth in plain

language not only the tactics which the Opposition mean to pursue during the remainder of the present Session, but their object in resorting to those tactics. Stated briefly, what this gentleman had to declare amounted to this: the Opposition, with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain at their head, are resolved, if possible, to prevent the Government from carrying any of its British legislation either this year or next year. It does not matter that much of this legislation is of a kind which neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Chamberlain dares openly to disapprove. It does not matter that it is urgently called for in the interests of the great mass of the population. The word has gone forth that, in order to discredit the Ministry, and if possible compel a dissolution, the most necessary or beneficent measures proposed by Ministers are to be fought *à outrance*. The Employers' Liability Bill, in which the Member for West Birmingham has professed to feel a hypercritical interest, is to be killed without regard to the wishes or the claims of the working classes. The Equalisation of Rates Bill, which is to do something, at all events, to redress the terrible social ills that are brought to a focus in the East End of London, is to meet with the same fate. The Registration Bill, which removes anomalies that all parties alike have condemned, is to fare no better; and we need hardly say that the Local Government Bill, despite the fact that there is not a county member in England who would venture to oppose it openly, is to be stifled by means of a conspiracy of obstruction.

This is the precious programme of the Opposition as it is set forth on their behalf in their favourite newspaper. We are delighted that some one has at last had the temerity to tear the mask from the organised imposture of so-called "Unionism." The electors of the country can now see the thing for what it is; and unless they are much less intelligent than we take them to be, they will understand that the zeal on behalf of the old system of administration in Ireland is, after all, nothing more than a cover for the deadly Tory and Unionist hatred of everything in the shape of administrative reform in Great Britain. No small proportion of the Opposition last year secured their seats by pretending to be as advanced on general political questions as the members of the majority. They were, or they said they were, in favour of every one of the measures we have just enumerated. If they had professed to be opposed to those measures they would never have won their seats. Yet now, when the moment of trial comes, they stand revealed to the constituencies they have cheated as the bitterest and most determined enemies of the reforms which they professed to have espoused. Are we wrong, then, in speaking of their tactics as dishonest and disloyal beyond precedent? There has been nothing in modern times to compare with their present policy; and it has only to be grasped by the electors generally in order to ensure a revulsion of feeling in those constituencies in which Tories or Unionists were returned last year, the like of which has hardly been seen before.

So much for the policy itself. As to the means by which it is to be carried out, the clumsy apologist for the Opposition does not leave us in any doubt. The Report stage of the Home Rule Bill—the Bill which according to the veracious testimony of Sir Henry James has not been debated at all—is to be prolonged as far as possible. There is no reason, of course, why it should not be kept up until Christmas by successive relays of speakers as fluent and as venomous as Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Chamberlain. This, however, presupposes the existence of a Ministry which is weak enough

to sit down calmly whilst these gentlemen are reducing the proceedings of Parliament to a farce. But the Opposition know that they have to deal with a Ministry which, whatever its various merits or demerits may be, is certainly not a weak one. They know, in short, that Ministers will, if absolutely necessary, use the closure in order to put an end to the designedly obstructive talk in which the Unionists are still continuing to indulge. That, however, matters nothing to the patriots of the Opposition. The closure may compel them to bring their harangues upon Home Rule, and every conceivable or inconceivable subject that can be tacked on to Home Rule, to a close; but the Estimates remain. "It is now some years since the Estimates were discussed at any length, and Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are agreed that it is their duty to see that no votes are rushed through without adequate consideration." So these self-sacrificing statesmen, not content with leaving dirty work of this description to Mr. Bowles and Mr. Hanbury, have already announced their determination to take a leading part in obstructing the Estimates themselves. It is the first time in the history of Parliament when men who have themselves been Ministers of the Crown have condescended to such tactics. If any man of corresponding rank on the other side had been guilty of such conduct in the last Parliament, everybody knows that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain would have made the country ring with their denunciations of such basely unpatriotic behaviour. But the circumstances are changed. The "gentlemen of England" are now not in office, but in Opposition; and accordingly, with a fine sense of what is gentlemanly in conduct, they hasten to do something which they know full well their despised opponents would never have done—something which they themselves would have denounced in the strongest terms if it had been done by anybody else.

Of course, it may be said that, after all, there is a possible excuse for this action on their part. Their friends may affirm, for example, that, though unusual and ungenerous, it is not dishonest. They may, for instance, be genuinely interested in the discussion of the Estimates, and anxious to atone for their negligence in former years by making that discussion as thorough as possible during the present session. Unluckily for them, their journalistic champion has done his best to take away from them even this poor shadow of an excuse. The "full discussion" on the Estimates is only to be kept up by the Opposition patriots "supposing that the Government insist on pressing forward British legislation." Here, indeed, is a pretty avowal. "Give up your British legislation, drop the Employers' Liability Bill, the Equalisation of Rates Bill, and the Parish Councils Bill, and the Estimates may go hang so far as we are concerned," cry Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain in a breath. And these are the men who represent to-day—so they declare—the "gentlemen of England," the patriots, the loyalists, the righteous among politicians! Happily there is not an elector of the United Kingdom who, now that the truth is made known by the friend of the Opposition, is not capable of forming an entirely accurate opinion as to the real character of the tactics which are thus revealed to us. As for the Government, if it were weak enough to allow dishonest and disloyal trickery of this kind to triumph, it would not be undeserving of the contempt with which its baffled foes pretend to regard it. We have no reason, however, to fear weakness of this kind on the part of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. The powers which they possess they will not be afraid to use in order to baffle the most discreditable tactics ever employed by a

defeated faction. But it is the electors of Great Britain to whom the truth appeals most strongly. They can now see that in the professed opponents of Home Rule are to be found the deadly enemies of every kind of legislative reform which is demanded by the people of England, Scotland and Wales.

THE BEHRING SEA DECISION.

THE decision of the arbitrators in Paris is an important historical event—so important, indeed, that we think it worth while to pass over those general expressions of love and goodwill which naturally come to the surface on these occasions, and to consider for a moment what the arbitrators have decided. In the first place, they have not decided that the sea is free. Fond as we are of international arbitration, we have not yet gone so far as to call together a tribunal to discuss a vague generalisation which is in one sense a platitude and in another sense a fallacy. The greater part of the time of the arbitrators was taken up with an inquiry which had nothing whatever to do with the question whether the sea is or is not free. They have, of course, decided that the United States have no exclusive rights of jurisdiction in Behring Sea, and no exclusive rights to seal fisheries therein outside territorial waters. But though Behring Sea is not a *mare clausum*, there are other seas which are closed, and there are other fisheries outside of territorial waters in which particular nations, and the United Kingdom especially, have exclusive rights. The United States Government never attempted to deny the ordinary truism of international law, that as a general rule no such exclusive rights can exist more than three miles from the shore. But they tried to bring themselves within one or other of the recognised exceptions. They urged that, owing to the convolution of the islands bounding it, Behring Sea came within the exception in favour of embayed waters which are territorial from headland to headland. They urged that exclusive fishing was reserved owing to acquiescence, and thirdly, with more force, that it was reserved by treaty between Great Britain and Russia before the cession of Alaska. On all these points the United States case broke down, and Mr. Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, agreed with the two British and three foreign delegates in upholding the British argument.

But on another point the American case was much more specious, was prepared and argued with consummate ingenuity, and secured the assent of Mr. Justice Harlan. That this was the really important question before the arbitrators is proved by the fact that its discussion occupies more than half of the British argument presented to the tribunal. The American contention was that the United States had a right of protection over or property in the fur seals which breed on their territory, even when those seals leave territorial limits. A great deal of interesting learning as to the habits of the seal, and the municipal and domestic law affecting wild or half-tamed animals, was brought before the tribunal, and it required all the skill and mastery of detail for which both Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster are famous to convince the foreign arbitrators that no such right of property had been made out. We do not know whether the arbitrators intend to give any reasons for their judgment. Probably they will not, and on the earlier contentions of the United States the reasons are sufficiently obvious to restrain one's curiosity. But it would be interesting

to learn how precisely the distinguished jurists have met and answered the arguments of the United States as to property in the Alaskan seal-herd. We incline to guess that they have merely decided that America has not made out her case on the facts, and have abstained from formulating any decision even in their own minds as to whether there may not in other circumstances be a national property in animals frequenting the high seas.

On all the points of principle, then, Britain has been successful. But the tribunal was called together not merely to decide points of principle, but also to decide whether any and what international regulations should be made to save the fur seal from the fate of the buffalo. It is as to these international game laws, as one might almost call them, that most difference of opinion will arise. The fur seals gather in the Pribiloff Islands during the months of June, July, and August for the purpose of breeding. They cannot breed at sea, and there is something in the atmosphere of the Pribiloff Islands, where 92 days out of every 100 during the summer months are cloudy, which agrees with their gloomy disposition. The bull seal is polygamous, and during the breeding season there are three classes of seals on the islands: the bulls, the cows, and the younger or bachelor males who have not yet reached bull's estate. The killing of seals other than bachelors during the breeding season is prohibited by the United States Government within their territory and territorial waters, but the Canadian fishermen say that the regulations are not properly enforced by the United States officials, and that many female seals are actually slaughtered. The Americans, on the other hand, alleged that the real cause of the diminution of the herd was the wanton destruction of seals by Canadian fishermen in the open sea. Even during the three breeding months the female seals go to some distance from the islands to get food. And during the rest of the year, especially when they migrate southwards in the winter, they are peculiarly liable to capture. Hence, said the Americans, the gradual destruction of the seal herd. Owing to the terms of the Arbitration Treaty the Canadian charge against the Americans only arose indirectly as helping to negative the American theory that the seals were kept existent by their care and therefore became their property, while the American charge against the Canadians was directly in issue. The Treaty gave the arbitrators no power to make regulations applying to land or territorial waters: they could only regulate the high seas. If, therefore, the Canadians object to game laws being enforced against them on the ocean which do not apply to their rivals within three miles of the shore, they should remember that the fault is not the fault of the arbitrators, nor of the advocates who argued the British case, but the fault of Lord Salisbury. Mr. Blaine so outmanœuvred Lord Salisbury that the tribunal was appointed with power to restrain the Canadians on the high seas, where they were alleged to have erred, but no power to restrain the Americans where the Canadians say they err. It will remain for Lord Rosebery to atone for the deficiencies of Lord Salisbury, and to secure by diplomacy regulations absolutely prohibiting the slaughter of seals at any time of the year on the Pribiloff Islands or within three miles of the shore.

Nor will Lord Rosebery's task end there. The regulations adopted by the arbitrators are so sweeping that they cannot be effectively enforced without the concurrence of every maritime Power, while under the Treaty of Arbitration they are only binding on the subjects of the Queen and the citizens of the United States. The British advocates,

foreseeing this difficulty, urged that milder regulations should be adopted. They were willing to assent to the creation of a zone round the breeding islands within which a close season should be enforced, but they objected to regulations affecting a wider area. The tribunal, however, have decided otherwise. They have made a zone, it is true, but within the zone—that is to say, from the three-mile limit to a new sixty-mile limit—the prohibition is to be absolute. No seal is to be taken at any time of the year. And over an area bounded on the south, roughly, by the latitude of San Francisco, and on the west extending half-way across the Pacific Ocean, a close season is to be enforced for three months, and other rules (especially one prohibiting the use of firearms) are to be enforced during the rest of the year. These regulations must and will be loyally obeyed by British and American citizens. But they do not affect Russians or other foreigners. It will be the business of the Foreign Office in concert with the American State Department to induce Russia and other Powers to bind themselves to submit to the regulations. Otherwise the British and American Governments will have merely deprived their citizens of a valuable fishery without protecting the seal.

We do not think it necessary to say anything as to the claims for compensation, which, owing to another unfortunate defect in the Treaty of Arbitration, the tribunal had no power to finally dispose of. We do not doubt that the tribunal's findings of fact and rulings of law will enable the two Governments to arrive at a friendly agreement as to the sum due to the Canadian sealers. And if, in conclusion, the whole story has any moral, we should say the moral is this: An international arbitration is very like any other arbitration. Before you enter into it you should be sure, firstly, that you have a good case, which Great Britain happily had; and secondly, that you have a properly drawn reference, which, owing to the weakness of Lord Salisbury and the cleverness of Mr. Blaine, Great Britain unfortunately had not.

THE WELSH RADICALS.

THE dissatisfaction of the Welsh members at the position of the Suspensory Bill cannot be regarded as unnatural. When we remember how excitable is the Celtic temperament, and how intense was the enthusiasm which animated Wales last summer, when so splendid a fight was made for the great cause of religious equality, we cannot pretend to be surprised at the impatience which the Welsh Radicals are showing now. They would never have been so fervent on the battle-field if they had been capable of that kind of patience which enables men of a different race to "bide their time" when the fruits of victory are to be reaped. It is all a question of temperament, in short; and we can no more blame the Welsh for their Celtic impatience than we can take credit to ourselves because we happen to belong to a more phlegmatic race. But whilst we wish the Welsh members to feel that English Liberals understand their fiery ardour and sympathise thoroughly with them in the object at which they aim, we are entitled to put the cause of that Greater Britain which lies beyond the boundaries of Wales plainly before them. They are angry and impatient because they think that Welsh Disestablishment is not being advanced so quickly as they wish, and because they fear that other questions affecting England or Scotland rather than Wales may gain precedence of that which is nearest to their own hearts. They stand by no means alone in

the position they thus occupy. If Welshmen are angry at the suggestion that Wales may have to wait for the realisation of its hopes, the reformers of London are every bit as much annoyed because their cause has not yet received all the attention it deserves; whilst the teetotalers gird at the postponement of the Local Veto Bill, and county members shake their heads sadly at the prospect which lies before them if the Local Government Bill should not be carried before there is another appeal to the country. Now, to the London reformers, the teetotalers, and the county members we have offered one consistent piece of advice. Stated plainly, it is: "Do not be in a hurry, and do not fear for the safety of your cause because it may not be in the very first place in the Liberal programme; be patient; show some faith in the Government, and leave the order of business to be determined by your leaders."

The various classes of Englishmen to whom this advice has been offered have not rejected it; and the consequence is that Ministers have been enabled to rely with confidence upon their followers, and to devote themselves absolutely to the paramount question of Ireland. Is there any reason why Welshmen also should not act upon this advice? We know of none save that which is to be found in the Celtic temperament. The Welsh members have come to the House of Commons with one idea uppermost in their minds. They are excellent Radicals, and may be trusted to help forward any measure of Radical reform which does not obstruct the path of Disestablishment. But it is the removal of the religious grievance of their own country that is the first duty laid upon them, and they look with ill-concealed impatience upon even the most necessary delays that may intervene between them and the performance of that duty. No Irish Nationalist burns with a more fervent zeal on behalf of Home Rule than that which animates the Welsh members on behalf of Disestablishment. That being the case, it is perhaps useless to expect that they will listen to the kind of advice which Englishmen and Scotchmen are willing to accept. Some more cogent reasons than those based upon the general good must be adduced before they are likely to acquiesce in the postponement of their own special item in the general programme of the party. There is, of course, one argument to which, stated with cynical frankness, even the Welsh members would have to yield. It is that, unlike the representatives of other movements, they have absolutely nothing to hope for from any other political party but that which they now support. The cry of the Londoner, of the teetotaler, of the villager, has been heard by Tories as well as Liberals; and though the Tory response is very different from that which is given by the Liberal, there still is a response from both political camps. But the case of Welsh Disestablishment is altogether different, and if the Welsh members quarrel with Scotch and English Liberals their chances of success are absolutely at an end. This, however, is not an argument that we care to press upon the notice of the members from Wales. We care the less to do so because we believe that most English Liberals look upon the battle in which the Welshmen are engaged as part of their own campaign against religious inequality and injustice, and are anxious to help them, not merely because they are allies whom they esteem, but because they are fighting in a cause which is equally dear to the reformers of both countries.

The Welsh Members may rest assured, first, that there is not the slightest intention on the part of the Government of "betraying" them, and, secondly, that the struggle for religious equality in which they are engaged is just as dear to the Liberals of England

and Scotland as it is to themselves. On both of these points there is really no room for doubt or suspicion in the Welsh mind. They cannot be more loyal to Ministers and the Liberal party than Ministers and the Liberal party are to them. But, to speak we trust not unkindly, it is neither seemly nor just that the representatives of Wales should press for special privileges or concessions at the expense of Scotch and English Liberals. The case of Home Rule was, by common consent, altogether exceptional. It was the question upon which our party had been broken up, upon which two General Elections had turned, and upon which Mr. Gladstone and the other Liberal leaders had been for years pledged to the hilt. The Government was bound in honour to devote its first Session to this burning question. It had to redeem its promises by making a Home Rule Bill the leading measure of its first year of office, and by prosecuting that Bill with unrelenting diligence through all its stages in the House of Commons. This duty it has now practically discharged, and the way is open for the consideration of other measures affecting other parts of the United Kingdom. Among those measures the disestablishment of the Welsh Church has a leading place; but we have never acknowledged that it had the first place after Home Rule. We may go further and say that it would be exceedingly unfortunate for the Welsh cause if such a place were to be claimed for it without regard to the general interests of the Liberal party or the opinion of its leaders. A certain amount of friction, and of more or less latent antagonism, between the Welsh members and their fellow Liberals, would undoubtedly be developed if such a claim were pressed. At this moment the members of the Cabinet are anxiously considering how they can best employ the next twelve months, so far as legislation is concerned. And the first point with which they must deal is not the question of the Welsh Church, but that of the Home Rule Bill after its rejection by the House of Lords. The country is not disposed to see next Session spent as this has been; nor do the Irish members wish that, for a second year, Ireland should block the way to the almost entire exclusion of legislation for the rest of the United Kingdom. But how the Session can be kept free for other purposes, whilst no ground is given for the assertion that Home Rule has been dropped or allowed to fall into a secondary place in the programme of the party, is a problem too difficult and too delicate to be settled off-hand. When it is solved Mr. Gladstone will be able to speak without uncertainty, not only as to the manner in which Parliament is to be employed in the autumn sitting, but as to the programme of work for next year. When he does speak, the Welsh members will find that they have no cause for complaint. In the meantime they can best serve not only the general interests of Liberalism, but those of Welsh Disestablishment, by continuing to give a loyal and consistent support to the Government and its policy.

HOME RULE AND THE LAND.

THE greater part of the discussion on the Home Rule Bill during the past fortnight has been mere vain repetition. Much that has been discussed was not worth discussing, and that which was worth discussing had been fully discussed in Committee. But we may make an exception for Mr. Carson's clause, proposing to prevent the Lord-Lieutenant from following the advice of the Irish Executive in appointing Commissioners and Sub-Commissioners under the Land Acts. The immediate subject of the

proposed clause was important, and the debate, though it ranged over the whole wide field of the Irish land question, was not altogether stale and unprofitable. It drew from Mr. Healy a remarkable speech and from Colonel Saunderson a remarkable admission. Mr. Healy has been, ever since he won his spurs as a Parliamentary debater in Committee on the Land Bill of 1881, the foremost advocate of the tenant against the landlord in Ireland. Mr. Parnell was more identified with the constructive policy of land purchase. Mr. Davitt has been more enthusiastic for land nationalisation than for either land purchase or rent reduction. Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien have been the heroes of the field fights rather than the spokesmen of a definite policy. But Mr. Healy, with keenly practical sense, has always stuck to the one point on the land question. The clause in the Act of 1881 which is called by his name was an attempt to restrict the rent to that part of the value of the holding which was not due to the tenant's improvements. That, as he has always said, is the real point. *Prairie value* is a vague phrase which does not, after all, convey a just idea. For there is an appreciable part of the value of land which is due to the exertions neither of the landlord nor the tenant, and which, nevertheless, was not part of its value when man first touched it. This element of value—the only rent in the strict Ricardian sense—cannot be said on any theory of natural rights to belong to the tenant any more than the landlord. If it is not diverted to the uses of the community, or transferred to the tenant by way of sale, it should be left to the landlord, who has prescription on his side, rather than given to the tenant. But the improvements of the tenants, which, though of comparatively small value on the rich grasslands of Meath, are the main element of present value in the greater part of the land of Ireland, ought clearly to belong to the tenant. The refusal to grant the fair reward to the tenant's labour has had far more to do with the bitter feeling against the landlords than any sense of their alien origin. Mere elementary justice between man and man has always been, as Mr. Healy has said time after time, the first need. It is not because his speech was moderate and in the nature of an admission of conversion, but because it was in agreement with the whole course of his previous action and utterances, that we direct attention to Mr. Healy's considered opinion that fair construction (which means the legislative overruling of *Adams v. Dunseath*) and fair administration of the existing law are all that is necessary for the settlement of the Irish land question.

But the admission of Colonel Saunderson was even more important. He is a landlord and leader, in a sense, of the landlord party. He was openly speaking on behalf of his class. He believes he has been plundered by the Land Courts, and that any further reduction of rent would be so much more plunder. Yet what did he say? To rebut the presumption that the old rents in Ireland were unfair because the courts have reduced them, he said that the average reduction had been little over 20 per cent., while English landlords had voluntarily reduced their rents by from 30 to 40 per cent. The reduction of English rents has not involved the rectification of an unjust basis of incidence. The rents, both before and after the reduction, were fixed on the supposition (usually correct in fact) that most of the improvements were the landlord's work and his property. Thirty or 40 per cent. of the sum paid by the tenant, 50 per cent. at least of the rent in the Ricardian sense, has been the loss of value of land in Britain as estimated by the British landlords. Ireland has felt the same economic causes of loss. Yet the reduction in Ireland, even under the compulsion of the

Courts, has only been 20 per cent. One can only come to one conclusion on this comparison. The Courts in Ireland, appointed largely under landlord influences and hampered by the pressure of the landlord party, have not reduced the rents in fair proportion to the fall in prices, and much less have they rectified the basis on which the rents should justly be fixed, as they were bound to do under the Act of 1881.

Mr. Healy's speech and Colonel Saunderson's admission are a sufficient explanation of the Government's land policy as embodied in the Home Rule Bill. For three years from the passing of the Home Rule Bill, the Irish legislature is not to pass any Act respecting the relations of landlord and tenant. If fair administration of the existing law will remove the just grievances of the Irish tenantry, it is obviously wise to remove from the legislature during its early years the temptation to unnecessarily change the law. But during the three years the Irish Executive will appoint men to fill up any vacancies among the Sub-Commissioners or Commissioners. This is obviously necessary if during the three years the experiment of what may be done by fair administration without revolutionary change is to get its chance. The Irish Government will not be able, even if it were willing, to make a clean sweep of existing officials. The Sub-Commissioners are most of them Civil servants. Under Clause 25 of the Bill they can be dismissed for misconduct, but they cannot for five years be otherwise required to retire without the sanction of the Treasury. The sanction of the Treasury will only be given when a reduction of staff is proved to be desirable, and the number of Sub-Commissioners is by no means excessive. In practice, therefore, the Irish Government will only be able to fill up vacancies due to death or resignation, and to appoint such additional Sub-Commissioners as may be necessary to perform the extra work when the judicial rents come to be fixed for a second term of fifteen years in 1896. But even if by numerous appointments the character of the sub-commissions was entirely changed, the Chief Commissioners would remain. Four out of the five Commissioners are Unionists who have been appointed by Conservative Governments. Under the Act of 1891 they hold their office by judicial tenure. They cannot therefore be removed. An appeal lies to them in every case. Nor are the appeals mainly on matter of law. Every appeal is a rehearing, with fresh evidence of value. So that no rapid change can be made in the commission. All that the Irish Government can do is to fill up vacancies in such a way as possibly to redress the balance in ten years or so. It is by such a gradual change that fair administration can most effectively be secured.

Whether within the three years of reservation the Imperial Parliament will think it necessary to further legislate on the land question, we cannot prophesy. Mr. Gladstone thinks it will, but the answer largely depends on what happens in the intervening years. If it does legislate, we venture to think that it will do so rather to protect the tenants than the landlords. The landlords will be sufficiently protected from spoliation by the drastic extracts from the American Constitution which are included in Clause 4. And in the meantime it is important to note that the landlords will have open to them the avenue of escape by selling to their tenants. The thirty-three millions under Mr. Balfour's Act remain for the most part unexpended. The operation of that Act will proceed as it does now, with only one important difference—for the British taxpayer a very important difference. Any loss from default of the purchasers will be a first charge on the Irish

consolidated Fund. In other words the Treasury, collectors of Ireland's taxes, can deduct the amount from the taxes which would otherwise pass to the Irish Exchequer. The whole force of the Irish Government and people will therefore necessarily be applied to secure the punctual payment of the instalments.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN FRANCE.

EIGHT or nine months ago it would have seemed wildly absurd to predict that the General Election to-morrow would find France quiet and the Panama question, to all intents and purposes, dead. Yet such apparently is the case. The fact is that the revelations in which the past few months have been so fertile have defeated their own object. The scandals have been so numerous, the sensations so violent, the recriminations so loud, that the public intellect has been dazed and the public conscience dulled. France seems tending to the state of mind we sometimes notice in America—to the belief that a certain amount of corruption is inevitable in politics, that charges of corruption are among the ordinary means of political warfare, and that as they were made against everybody, any particular one may be let alone. M. Rochefort and M. de Cassagnac may cover Panamists with the foulest abuse; they have dealt so with better men, and it is part of their trade. M. Dupas may produce revelations; M. Andrieux may promise more. The public is sated with scandal. The great mass of the rural and provincial electors have apparently never cared about these charges at all. The readers of the Boulevard press of sensation and slander are mostly at the seaside or taking the waters, and probably will not return home to vote. We see no prospect of the retirement of M. Maurice Rouvier, or M. Burdeau, or M. Floquet, who, after all, has done less than Senator Radcliffe did, according to his own account in that very clever satire "Democracy"—nor, to go back to the effects of an earlier scandal, of M. Daniel Wilson. M. Clémenceau is having a bad time in the Var; but not really because his paper was financed by Cornelius Herz, but for political reasons, many of them entirely honourable to him. In short, the campaign of scandal has left the electorate as a whole to all outward appearance unaffected. Such insensibility is hardly creditable. A resolute effort to wipe off the stain of Panama would afford the best hope for France. But we see no evidence that it will be made. Perhaps the constituents of the Panamists are waiting for the second ballot.

One reason, then, for the present comparative quiescence is that the scandal-mongering has been completely overdone. Another, and one more satisfactory to contemplate, is the action of the Pope. The Duc de Broglie last week was preaching to Catholics the duty of remaining irreconcilable. Accept no candidates, he said in effect, who will not oppose the law excluding ecclesiastics from State schools or the law requiring seminarists to do their military service like everyone else. The Archbishop of Aix, the Bishops of Autun and Vannes, had been issuing militant manifestoes and practically explaining away the Papal direction to accept the Republic. Suddenly, the Pope, in a letter to the Archbishop of Bordeaux—who has been fiercely attacked for his loyal obedience to the Pontifical direction—formally confirms that direction, and censures severely the action of those Catholics who presume to be more Catholic than himself—who have attacked dignitaries of the Church, and not spared even his own person. After such a declaration there is nothing more to be said. As an issue

before the electors, the question of Monarchy *versus* Republic practically disappears. The candidates stamped with the Papal approval are professed Republicans; and circumstances obviously compel them to be Republicans first and Catholics afterwards—we mean, to show their Republican side now, and their Catholic side by-and-by.

These things divest the electoral contest of a good deal of its natural interest. What, then, are we to look for? The Parliamentary Republic is for the present secure: the "Revisionists" will probably make common cause in the next Chamber with the small, but compact and increasing, Labour Party. The "rallied," the converted Catholic Monarchists, are accepted on the whole by the Government and the Conservative Republicans, or at least the decision as to their sincerity is relegated to the possible constituents of each. Some orthodox, old-fashioned Republicans still preach "Republican concentration"; but that alone will not provide France with a programme. Nor, it must be said, has M. Dupuy done so. He proposes to regulate the right of association in such a way as not to interfere with that "liberty for labour" which French Labour Parties regard as the differentia of the non-unionist or blackleg, and their opponents now declare to be one of the chief achievements of the Revolution. He promises "social reforms" (mostly as yet undefined), especially a reform of charitable relief, in such a way as not to check private enterprise; and finally he proposes a "consolidation" of the finances, abolition of *octrois* (alas for the plans of our London Moderates!) and of the taxes on wine, beer, and cider, with a reform of the regulations relating to distillation. Useful, no doubt, but not inspiring, not contentious and hardly definite enough—except the last item, which is of special interest to the rurals—to form the platform of a strong Ministerial party.

Where, then, is there a definite issue? In certain circles it is presented as lying between Socialism and Individualism—using both those terms in the widest possible sense. This is the tendency of M. Yves Guyot's book, which we review to-day; and this for a long time has been the avowed aim of the *Débats*. That paper, in its election intelligence, states the vote of every outgoing deputy on two recent questions—the prosecution of M. Baudin, the Socialist deputy, for riot; and the resolution approving the action of the Ministry in closing the Bourse du Travail. And in default of other issues, it is extremely likely that this will be the real basis of the contests in the next Chamber. The Labour Party, and the Radicals of M. Goblet's shade, will do their best to make it so. Radicals of the Clémenceau type are between two fires; so are the old-fashioned Opportunists. There is really nothing, for the moment, to demand the "concentration" of Republicans, as such. But there may be by-and-by, and for this reason. In default of measures, the elections will turn on the claims of men—just as they did in 1871, and again to some extent under *scrutin de liste* in the first ballots in 1885. The constituencies in many cases will elect the strongest local candidate. Many of these will be "Rallied" Catholics; some may be avowed Monarchists; hardly any will be advanced Radicals. The result will very likely be a Chamber like the last—a Chamber consisting largely of new men, inexperienced, barely manageable; wanting a leadership which it is not likely to get; but with the elements for a strong Conservative-Republican coalition, which the demonstrations of the Labour Party will only stimulate. When that coalition is formed, the Catholic and Monarchist reactionaries may possibly see their chance once more.

OUR NATIONAL COMMON-SENSE.

SIR HENRY JAMES is an interesting figure in contemporary life. A brilliant and successful lawyer and an ingenious advocate, it is his ambition to be known rather as a man of the world—his enemies say a man of fashion—than as an eminent member of the profession he adorns. No one can say that in casting in his lot with the Liberal Unionists he was moved by mere vulgar ambition. In taking this step he forfeited the wool-sack, and thus sacrificed one of the highest prizes in public life. But if we cannot charge him with the sordid motives which have undoubtedly animated some of his colleagues, it is impossible as we read his speeches to doubt that he has been greatly influenced in his later career by the desire to find himself on "the right side" in life—not the right side morally, but that side to which clings, as by some natural instinct, all that is fashionable and "correct" in society—in one word, the side of the duchesses. The weakness is doubtless an amiable one; but a weakness it is, and traces of it are to be found in most of his speeches. Through them all runs that self-gratulatory strain that in less accomplished men would verge upon Pharisaism. "We are not as these deluded Home Rulers are," Sir Henry seems to be constantly saying. "These also are our fellow-creatures, and I for one do not approve of the hard words which are so constantly being flung at them by some of us; but though they may be honest according to their lights, Providence in its infinite wisdom has seen fit to blind them to the truth, and has made them the victims of an over-mastering delusion which it is our business to detect and expose." And accordingly he sets about the work of detection and exposure with all the energy and acuteness of which his highly trained intellect makes him the master.

It was a thoroughly characteristic speech which Sir Henry made last Saturday at Sheffield, and its key-note was to be found in the declaration of his belief in "the great element of English strength—its common-sense." What could better typify the general attitude of the speaker towards his deluded opponents than this fine assumption—first, that common-sense is the special characteristic of Englishmen; and, secondly, that, so far as the present political dispute is concerned, this precious characteristic is wholly on his own side in the conflict? His first axiom we are willing to grant; but as for his second, we propose to test it in the light of his own speech. That speech was mainly devoted to the enforcing of the proposition that the Government, for some wicked purpose of its own, has refused to allow the Home Rule Bill to be discussed in the House of Commons. This is the distinct proposition to which he invites the common-sense of his fellow-countrymen to assent. We have put his assertion as nearly as possible in his own form. He did not maintain, as he might have done with a certain amount of plausibility, that the House of Commons had been prevented from discussing the Home Rule Bill so fully and thoroughly as it ought to have done. He went much further. He declared that "simply by reason of the exigencies of party demands" the Bill had been "intentionally" removed from the consideration of the representatives of the people. In other words, he practically affirms that Mr. Gladstone was afraid of Parliamentary discussion on his measure, and that, in order to rob the House of Commons of its right of free debate, he deliberately and intentionally forced the Bill through Committee without allowing its most important provisions to be discussed at all. And this is the proposition which he proposes to submit to the common-sense judgment of the country, the proposition

by the answer to which the fate of Ministers is to be decided. To us it seems that a greater amount of nonsense could hardly have been compressed into the number of words Sir Henry James required to state his proposition. We have no wish to be rude towards an adversary who usually tries to be courteous in controversy; yet are we irresistibly tempted to ask whether Sir Henry really believed in his own argument. His opponents know it to be the reverse of the truth. They know that no assertion could well be more absolutely without foundation than that which he set forth before the Sheffield Conservatives. Is it really possible that he believes it himself; that he is convinced, that is to say, that it was not through over-mastering stress of circumstances, but from a wicked desire to rob Parliament of its rights as a deliberative assemblage, that Mr. Gladstone made use of the closure in order to carry the Home Rule Bill through Committee?

Still, it is not what we think or Sir Henry thinks that is the test to be applied to his proposition. It is to the "common-sense" of the country that both sides appeal. Now does Sir Henry really suppose that common-sense Englishmen are likely to accept his version of the history of the Bill in the House of Commons? Is it imaginable that any man who has not been wholly deprived of the precious quality which Sir Henry rates so highly will come to the conclusion that Mr. Gladstone—who is at all events the greatest Parliamentarian this generation has known—has so completely lost his wits as to believe it to be possible to coerce the House of Commons in the way described by the member for Bury? He is charged with deliberately *preventing* discussion on the Bill because he knows that it will not bear being discussed. And he has committed this crime in a country in which the Press and the Platform are absolutely free, in which the greatest of all political questions are decided by the ballot, and in which a certain vengeance will overtake anyone who deliberately sins against the constitution. The common-sense of Englishmen may safely be trusted to reject this monstrous charge, unless it can be supported by evidence of which Sir Henry James has so far not produced a single shred. Common-sense will lead most men to see that it has been a misfortune for the Home Rule Bill, and consequently for its authors, that all its clauses have not been fairly discussed in the House of Commons; and the same valuable quality will lead them unhesitatingly to reject the ridiculous notion that this misfortune has been deliberately and designedly brought upon the Bill by Ministers themselves. Common-sense, too, will enable the public to recall the fact that the Bill, the discussion of which is supposed to have been burked by the Government, is not only at this moment still under discussion in the House of Commons, but has been under discussion there for a greater number of nights than any measure ever submitted to Parliament before. For close upon seventy nights it has been before the House, and on each of these nights Sir Henry and his friends have had the opportunity of discussing it for many hours at a stretch. As a matter of fact, we know how freely and fully they have availed themselves of this opportunity. They have talked for nearly a thousand hours—fancy a thousand speeches each of an hour's length! They have filled hundreds of columns of the newspapers with their disquisitions. They have tired out everybody, including themselves. And at the end of it all, Sir Henry James goes to Sheffield and asks the common-sense of the country to say that the Bill has not been discussed at all, but has been wickedly forced through Parliament, undebated and unconsidered! Does he really suppose that common-sense can be upon his side in such a contention?

We should like to be quite plain with Sir Henry James, and to give him the benefit of an experience which is common to most men who have for any lengthened period taken part in political life. That experience forces us to say that the outside public—the common-sense public which is not versed in the mysteries of Parliamentary procedure—takes comparatively little note of the cry of “obstruction” on the one side and “the closure” on the other. We wish it were otherwise, for we believe that the Liberal case against the odious and wicked conspiracy of obstruction which has been practised with regard to this Bill, and which alone compelled the resort to the closure, is so strong that the Government have everything to gain and nothing to lose from its full discussion in public. But we must take things as we find them; and an old electioneer like Sir Henry James ought long ago to have learned that it is futile for any political party to go to the country with the cry that the other side is not “playing fair” in the House of Commons. The common-sense of Englishmen leads them to see at least one or two things quite plainly. The first is that it is ridiculous to pretend that a measure which has been under constant discussion for weeks and months has not been discussed at all. The discussion may not have been so well balanced as it might have been; but that is because the members taking part in it have wasted their own time and the time of the House, and have thus made it necessary to pass over some portions of the Bill in silence. It is not the Government but the House generally which the common-sense of the nation will hold responsible for this. The other point upon which public opinion outside is strong and unanimous is that the majority, and not the minority, ought to rule in the House of Commons. Even when, as sometimes happens, the majority is momentarily unpopular in the country, its right within the limits of justice and propriety to have its own way is fully recognised. If it fails to get its own way, the national common-sense refuses to make allowances for the difficulties arising from forms of Parliamentary procedure, unscrupulous obstruction by the minority, or anything else. It simply sees that the majority has failed, and dismisses it from its favour with something like contempt. But when, on the other hand, the majority asserts its rights, and uses its strength in order to remove the obstacles which the minority has interposed in its path, then even its opponents among the common-sense multitude applaud and respect its vigour, and do not stop to cavil at the weapons which it has been compelled to use against an unscrupulous foe. We respectfully advise Sir Henry James to bear these facts in mind when he next proposes to make an appeal to the common-sense of the nation.

FINANCE.

THE crisis in the United States is still dragging its slow length along. About 4 millions sterling in gold have been exported from Europe to New York, and over a million sterling more has been received from different parts of America, yet the receipt of the money has not in the least abated the general distrust. The banks are completely paralysed, withdrawals of deposits continue, notes as well as coin are being hoarded, and even notes are at a premium of about 2½ per cent. Business is almost at a standstill, as is proved by the very marked falling-off in the receipts of the railroad companies all over the country; works of all kinds are being closed, workpeople are being thrown out of employment in great numbers, failures are recur-

ring amongst banks, savings banks, financial institutions, the trading public, and the railway companies. A little while ago receivers were appointed over the Philadelphia and Reading Railway; then followed the Erie, and this week it is announced that the Northern Pacific has likewise had to apply for receivers. There is little doubt that several other companies are unable to pay their way. To make matters worse, there is great doubt now whether Congress will repeal the Sherman Act. The general belief is that there is a majority for repeal in the House of Representatives, but that there is a majority against in the Senate. It seems almost inevitable, therefore, that the crisis must continue, and must lead to serious troubles. Owing to all this, there is an almost complete stoppage of business upon the Stock Exchange. A few weeks ago great capitalists on the Continent assumed that the fall in prices had gone far enough, and that if they bought upon a large scale they would restore confidence. They did buy upon a very large scale, but though they checked the fall for the moment they accomplished nothing more, and they are beginning to recognise now that they were over-hasty in their action. Upon the Continent money is becoming scarce and dear; and the spread of cholera, the heavy losses, especially in Germany and Holland, caused by the breakdown in the United States and the depreciation of silver, have embarrassed large numbers. The tariff war between Germany and Russia likewise is causing apprehension; and the fear of an utter collapse in Spain is weighing upon the Paris Bourse. Argentina is torn by political dissensions. The struggle is mainly between the Radicals on the one side, and the followers of General Roca on the other. The General, it will be recollected, is brother-in-law of ex-President Celman. He was himself the immediate predecessor of Celman in the Presidency. It was his influence that got Celman elected, and he is accused by the Radicals of having been the life and soul of all the corruption and maladministration of recent years.

The general apprehension is intensified by the failure, for the present at all events, of the India Council to carry out its new currency policy. It will be recollected that the Government announced that its object was to fix the value of the rupee at 1s. 4d. of our money, and since the closing of the mints until this week the India Council refused to sell its bills and telegraphic transfers under 1s. 3½d. per rupee. On Wednesday, however, it offered 40 lakhs of rupees for tender, and it allotted 12 lakhs at 1s. 3½d. per rupee. Doubtless the Council is in need of money, and, finding that its drafts would not be bought at its own price, has come down to the terms of the market, very wisely, we venture to think. The time is unfavourable for the experiment made, as exports from India are exceedingly small, and consequently not much money is needed to be sent out to pay for those exports. But by-and-by the exports will increase, and doubtless then the Council will try once more to raise the value of the rupee. In the meantime there were three courses open to the Council. One was to act as they have done—to sell their drafts, that is to say, on the best terms obtainable. The second was to raise a gold loan here; and the third, to borrow from the Bank of England for a short period. To raise a gold loan, however, would have been objectionable from many points of view, not the least because this very week the Indian Government has borrowed in India, and it is probable that a temporary loan from the Bank of England would have seriously inconvenienced that institution. For the moment the withdrawals of gold from the Bank for the United States have nearly stopped, but they may begin again at any moment; and it would be a serious matter for the Bank if they did begin upon a very large scale, and it had parted with a considerable sum to the India Council. Taking everything into consideration, then, the course adopted by the India Council appears to have been the most prudent. It will naturally make

a very bad impression; but if the exports from India become large in the autumn, the Council may—for a time, at all events—succeed in raising the value of the rupee.

IN A SCOTCH MANSE.

THIS is written from a haven of refuge which lies between the sea and the hills, so remote from the madding crowd that even the memory of it has ceased to trouble, and the weary is taking his fill of rest. Away in the south, the city that seems so still, and studious, and old-world to the casual visitor, and is so unresting, and changeable, and new-world to the dweller within it—lies forsaken; and we, gratefully forgetting its very being, feel here in touch with Nature, grow natural, and learn again to work without fear of the curious sightseer or random caller who is so prodigal of his own time that he does not even dream that you can have any need for yours. What a fine tonic a beautiful and storied Nature is to a spirit tired of men and the small questions that occupy their social hours!

The Manse stands on the East coast, and looks out on a sea as variable and as varied in its moods as a lovely woman, looking now grey, cold, and sullen under the clouds; now warm, radiant, and rich in the golden sunshine; with a voice that now breaks into multitudinous laughter, and now deepens into thunder. From the study window I see the long line and green slopes of the Lammermoors as they dip down towards the sea, and often enough there breaks upon "the inward eye," which is "the bliss of solitude," the fair valleys of the Tweed and the Leader peopled with the heroic and moving forms of border-tale and ballad. From the Manse gate I look northward to the Isle of May, which lies in a soft haze by day, and flashes upon us by night the light so welcome to the sailor, but so eerie to the landsman. Eastward looms in the dim distance Fast Castle, the veritable "Wolf's Crag" of romance, whose jagged ruins look out as from a stormier time upon a stormy sea. Westward I see the Bass, where many a Covenanter endured a solitude worse than the death his brothers suffered on the moors or in the Grassmarket, and I know that between me and it stand the grim ruins of Tantallon, where Marmion dared to

"heard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall."

From the hill behind the Manse I can see the castle which Black Agnes defended against the Southrons, and whence she rolled the stone which made his sow to farrow; where the second Edward first halted in his hurried ride from Bannockburn, and whence he escaped by sea to England; and where Bothwell brought Mary or Mary Bothwell both before and after the fatal marriage at Holyrood. Between me and it rises the hill on which Leslie's army was so encamped as to seem invincible to Oliver, and we can almost trace the line by which they descended when the Lord delivered them into his hands. Away in the distance lies the town where Knox was born, where Irving taught and loved Jane Welsh, and where she played some of her madcap pranks before she was tamed—if tamed she ever was—by being wedded into responsibility for a man of genius. At the feet of these same Lammermoors lie the homes of famous Scotsmen. Lethington—which has, alas! changed its historical name for one significant only of the deeds of a gay dame under the Second Charles—where one famous Maitland satirised the town ladies, who had grown "sa wonder vain and wanton" that they "wist not what to wear," being eaten up by desire for "newfangilness of geir," and also mourned the misdeeds of those "Theivis of Liddisdail," who, guided by "the meikill devill," so rode through the country—

"Quhair they onsett
Ay in their gait thair is na yett,
Nor dure thame bydis;"

and another famous Maitland tried to find the sort of *via media* that would have made room for both the Papacy of Mary and the Presbytery of Knox, but he found it not, for the comprehension that is born of faith in culture is ever narrower and less coherent than the narrowest polity born of faith in God. But the place was rich in famous statesmen and scholars, though the most noted of the name was the John Maitland who renounced the Presbytery that would not wink at the sins which were proper to a gentleman, and who became the infamous Lauderdale, though to his friend, "the bluidy Mackenzie," he was no less eminent as a philosopher than as a statesman. More to the west lies Saltoun, where Fletcher lived, and where, from the ballads that came over the hills from Tweed-side and the psalms that rose from the moorland conventicle, he learned to know that the man who made the songs of a people did more to form the people than the men who made their laws. Nearer to us is Whittingham, where a statesman of our own day cultivates "philosophic doubt," while over there at North Berwick he plays golf, and up at Westminster concerns himself with affairs of State. There must be something in this East coast air congenial to the remarkable combination of "philosophic doubt" and political Toryism. For on the other side of the Lammermoors lies Ninewells, home of the most famous and consistent of all our philosophical sceptics, who was also the most explicit and contemptuous foe to popular liberties. Yet, on the whole, the alliance is only natural; where the laws of truth and right are not innate, man must be governed by coercion or pressure from without. Convention must be made to do the work of conscience; self-interest governs the individual, but to it compulsion sets a limit and extorts obedience. As David Hume said, "Every man must be supposed a knave," and so the object or purpose of government is simply "the support of the twelve judges." It was thus he applied philosophic doubt to practical politics. Suppose every Irishman a knave, and coercion of him and all his popular movements follows with inexorable logic. Perfect mental lucidity is native to the men who breathe this clear North-Eastern air.

But we have wandered far from the Manse, though it seems as if it gave character alike to the place and the people. For the Manse is perhaps the most potent and typical institution in rural Scotland. The big house, or whatever the place that corresponds to the English manor or hall may be called, is much less important and characteristic. The clergy have for the last three hundred years been here the real aristocracy, the true heroes and leaders of the people, interpreting and educating the national mind, possessing the popular imagination, filling the common heart. The lords and gentry have been largely educated in England, have lived there for the greater part of the year, have had there their social and political ambitions, and so have grown too alien in mind and feeling either to understand or influence the people. But the clergy have been the most distinctive products of Scotch education, which, so far from separating them from the people, has really qualified them to be their representatives and teachers. The academic status of the minister has always helped to determine his place in the popular judgment, his congregation hearing him the more respectfully that he had taken a good degree. And if learning and character, piety and speech corresponded, he was always sure of the sort of respect that most honours both him who gives and him who receives. Much of the national love of learning was due to the way in which learning was embodied in the Manse, and the dignity it gave to him who was esteemed as the father even more than as the pastor of his people. And round the Manse evidences enough lie of how well he sustained his character. Just across the Lammermoors lies the town which is the reputed birthplace of the subtlest of the Schoolmen, whence he drew his name, and which has, just

to make a disputed matter sure, of late years adapted the spelling of its own name to the familiar spelling of his. There, too, was born one of the most typical Scotch ministers of the eighteenth century, Boston, of Ettrick, whose "Fourfold State" was a generation ago a religious classic, which used to stand beside the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress," possibly also a copy of Erskine's "Gospel Sonnets"; and together they made the life of many a simple cotter beautiful with the sober and calm dignity which comes from affinity with a world unseen. The superfine intelligence and susceptibilities of Cotter Morison were offended with some things he found in Boston, and, no doubt, he was but typical of his day, but if he had learned to know Boston through the saints that loved him, he would have found that there were meanings that escaped his rapid, but dim and unquiet, eye. The same town claims another eminent minister, the McCrie whose criticism of Scott's dealing with the Covenanters was in literary skill almost the rival of the Wizard's own work, while in learning greatly its superior. The mother used to accompany her son as he started to walk into Edinburgh to college, and did not part with him till, behind a rock on the lonely moor, they had kneeled together in the act that is never so beautiful as when done by mother and son before the eye and in the sole ear of God.

But when we turn from the Lammermoors and look westward other scenes bring other memories. In the far distance lies the Manse where lived, last century, first the Robert Blair whose poem on "The Grave," in its formal metre and chastened melancholy, suited well the spirit of his time, and then the John Home, whose *Douglas* was thought by his kinsman, David Hume, certain, from its classic elegance, to outlast the savage grandeur of the Shakespearian tragedies. But, of course, the philosophic sceptic can hardly do other than judge in poetry as he reasons in politics. In a neighbouring Manse lived then a certain William Robertson, whose histories, once very much read, though not found at all readable now, were the despair of Gibbon, who feared he could never attain their elegance any more than he could rival the careless felicities of Hume. But not in these do I find the ideal Man of the Manse, but rather in a humbler contemporary, who, though less known to literature, was more loved of the people—John Brown, the Burgher Minister of Haddington. He appears in history, if historical so modest an appearance as his can be called, a herd boy watching his sheep and learning to read his Greek New Testament on the braes of Abernethy. His ambition was, out of his little savings to buy one, and he went down to St. Andrews to make his purchase. A professor overheard him, was surprised at the demand, offered a Greek Testament for nothing if he could read it, and he so read as to fairly earn what is the most treasured heirloom of his family. He became a burgher, was elected minister at Haddington, lived in sober truth a long life "passing rich on forty pounds a year," so preached as to compel David Hume to confess, "That's the man for me; he means what he says; he speaks as if Jesus Christ were at his elbow." Yet in him lived a quaint and genial humour. Once a local wit saw him ride past on a halting pony, and said: "Mr. Brown, ye're in the Scripture line the day: 'the legs of the lame are not equal';" and he, "So is a parable in the mouth of a fool." Again, an empty-headed candidate for the ministry wanted "to preach and glorify God"; but he objected—"A man may glorify God making broom, besoms. Stick to your trade and by it glorify God." Yet humble as were his circumstances, he became a really learned man, as learning then was; wrote much, notably a famous "Self-Interpreting Bible." Of his sons several became ministers; one, Ebenezer, a famous preacher, whose homely, dramatic eloquence is said to have moved Brougham to admiration; another, the second John Brown, was minister of a church that stands high up on one of the bleakest moors in Scotland. And his son, the third John Brown, was a famed biblical scholar in his day, and one

of the stateliest, comeliest, and most noted men in the Edinburgh that knew Sir Walter Scott and John Wilson and Sir William Hamilton. And his son, the fourth John Brown of the line, was the beautiful spirit and gentle heart and fine genius to whom we owe "Rab and His Friends"; and even his pen was never touched to finer issues than when it described the race that had sprung from "the heroic old man of Haddington."

But to him who knows the inside of a Manse all good things may well seem possible. His study he may line with books, and he may become all the better a scholar that he is a good pastor. His flock will love him the more that his intercourse with them does not withdraw him from fellowship with the wise and the learned; and if he has thought within him, there is a wider world than his congregation waiting to be addressed. It is now twenty-one years since he who now writes these things went out from even such a Manse as this into what seemed a wider and a richer world: but, though he has since then lived in cities and universities where learning is cultivated and culture professed, he yet feels that the happiest place for the student and the kindest to the studies that really cultivate and refine, is the inside of a Scotch Manse. Happy is he who finds there at once a vocation and a home! ϕ.

THE CRITIC AS PESSIMIST.

IN his picturesque lecture at Lucerne, Dr. Conan Doyle complained of the pessimism of literary critics. They are prone, he said, to "whine forth pessimistic lamentations over the decay of literature," and to depreciate the literary talent of the days in which they live. Dr. Doyle certainly offers a vigorous counterblast to this depressing practice. Possibly the habit of criticism is largely due to the atmosphere in which so much of it is written. If we could always sit down to review our books on the shores of the loveliest lake in Europe, we might acquire an exhilarating optimism. The point of view in Fleet Street, with the thermometer at eighty in the shade, is necessarily less stimulating than the outlook at Lucerne in the middle of August. That exquisite spot is no place for the pessimist. If it generates a belief in the ultimate reunion of all the sections of Christianity, it has a comparatively easy task in persuading Dr. Doyle that in fiction, and especially English fiction, will be consolidated the empire of the human mind. It may be said, perhaps, on behalf of the critic that something in the nature of his craft debars him from the enjoyments of a sanguine temperament. Dr. Doyle remarked of Mr. Rudyard Kipling that he "evidently lacked the faculty of judging his own work." It is not an exceptional defect in an imaginative writer, in whom a particular vision is usually stronger than a reflective judgment. If this were not so, the general output of fiction would probably be restricted, and the business of the literary critic would decline. As it is, he finds the unhandsome duties of the Devil's Advocate somewhat laborious, and he turns from them with a pang of envy to the raptures of Dr. Doyle. For it is a mistake to suppose that the critic has any relish for his own spleen. He suffers from a morbid perception of shortcomings. His mind tosses in a perpetual nightmare of discrimination. He settles down to the perusal of a favourite writer, and vainly strives to stifle the demon who whispers in his ear: "Don't pretend that you are blind to the faults of this. Don't tell me the construction is without a flaw, the philosophy is unimpeachable, the facts of life are frankly faced. Do you suppose the author is writing exactly what he thinks, or what he thinks his public think? Look at the situation; mark what the woman says. Is it what she would say, or what an eminently decorous purveyor of family reading believes she ought to

say?" When this has lasted some time, the critic will put down the book in despair, and by summoning all the charms he has ever found in the writer, will try to vanquish the Mephistophelian familiar who is tormenting him. The result is a review which strikes a novelist as frigid, as pervaded by a subtle depreciation, as evidence that the critic cannot do justice to the imaginative talent of his own time.

This is why it is a positive pleasure to the literary critic to find himself in Dr. Doyle's company. He feels like a hypochondriac with a poor circulation in the presence of a full-blooded athlete. Here is a man who reviews his distinguished contemporaries in fiction and finds them very good. They and he may be as the poles asunder in respect of method and subject matter, but Dr. Doyle hails them all with equal enthusiasm. To him they represent a cause. They carry a banner with the strange device, "Excelsior." They lead the great march of fiction to that pinnacle on which it will be acclaimed as the "most certain and permanent part of England's glory, and will last in the memory and appreciation of the people after the labours of the statesman and the soldier have crumbled away." When that time comes we shall pride ourselves as a nation, not on the magnitude of that material Empire which state-craft has projected and blood has cemented, but upon the mighty realm of our romances, that truly Imperial Federation of our race, administered by a department of State in which Mr. Mudie, we trust, will not be a permanent official. This is Dr. Doyle's dream, and its fascination is undeniable. It makes the critic feel that he has spent his life in making tribunals out of limitations and dislikes, that he has ignored that large view with which Mr. Kipling in the East and Mr. Stevenson in the South Seas are federating mankind by a cosmopolitan literature, and which, for instance, has done more to unite England and India than the Suez Canal. When Australasia produces a novelist of equal rank and repute with Mr. Kipling and Mr. Stevenson, we shall see the centre of Imperial Government removed from Downing Street to Paternoster Row. Statesmen will be forestalled by the romancers, and will have no further utility than to arrange merely executive details. America, of course, must join in this enterprise, though we are afraid that a certain separatist tendency in the writings of Mr. W. D. Howells will have to be combated; and Mr. Dudley Warner must not remind us in *Harper's Magazine* that the diction of Americans is, by official proclamation of Congress, not English, but "the language of the United States." Into this speculation the literary critic follows Dr. Doyle with genuine interest. Such a conception is worthy of the hand that wrote "The Refugees," and welded together in that delightful tale some of the most striking qualities of Saxon, Celt, and Red Man. Dr. Doyle's fervent belief in the exalted mission of the novel is worthy of all respect, and it is only the incorrigible pessimism of the critic which prevents him from becoming a proselyte. The familiar demon murmurs in his ear again: "This is very fine, but do you take it quite seriously? Can you see the novel—especially the English novel—monopolising the judgment-seat, dictating to philosophy and statesmanship, superseding international courts of arbitration? Rudyard Kipling has written a story about seal fishery. Do you think that might have settled the Behring Sea dispute, or that short stories will eventually prevent religious riots in Bombay, or that a three-volumed novel will ever put a girdle of amity round the earth? And is it your business henceforward to judge fiction not by its purely artistic quality, but by its capacity to federate the Empire?"

Yet such is the charm of Dr. Doyle's idea that the critic feels a new burden on his soul. When he reads any of the living English authors cited at Lucerne, he will strive to perceive some new distinction which has hitherto escaped him. He will look for that cosmopolitan element which has long been a recognised attribute of the French novel, but has

not hitherto been generally accorded to the English romance—at any rate during the last thirty years. Mr. Andrew Lang remarks somewhere that criticism is only talk, more or less agreeable and readable, about our private tastes. That being the narrow, petty range in which we move, it is not surprising that we cannot all rise to the Ecumenical fervour of Lucerne. But even the coldest critic may be warmed by Dr. Doyle's eloquence, and may cherish the hope that it will stimulate the production of fiction not unworthy of the ambition which he proclaims. "Pessimistic lamentations" may still be heard from critics who are unable to agree with Dr. Doyle that English fiction to-day is notable for its "breadth of view." But, even if they never come to see that through the light literature which is heaped on their tables every week one increasing purpose runs, and that the thoughts of men are widened by such studies of humanity as our social code permits the British novelist to make, they may acknowledge and respect the spirit in which Dr. Doyle seeks to invest his calling with the dual dignity of political philosophy and high priesthood.

NEW WINES IN OLD VATS.

(BY AN AGRICULTEUR DE FRANCE.)

WHAT with the phylloxera well established sporadically in some dozen spots of the Champagne vineyards, the black measles imported from California with the American vines, the red spider which has spread so wonderfully along the roads within the last four years, the mildew, black rot, brown cochineal, and mushrooms on the roots, the French viticulteur might soon find life to be all beer—the natural enemy of his wine—and no skittles, were it not for the experiments and discoveries of the naturalists and the chemists, who are always coming to his aid: in the vineyard with a manure or a wash, and in the vat with, it is sad to know, a cheap spirit, or a "bouquet" mixture, or a colouring, or some other adulterant.

As it is, France imported in 1892 some 200 million gallons of wine, and only exported a fifth of that; and last year it was just the superior kinds—that is, the wines of export—that were most deficient in the leading districts.

In this state of affairs, the new discovery that promises (but not yet performs) any amount of any superior wine you please, and that without sophistication, naturally creates as great an excitement among vine-growers as the conjurer's inexhaustible bottle does in a big school. Pasteur began it in 1876 by his "Studies on Beer," when he carried out the experiment of fermenting the worts with the yeast of wine, and got a bastard sort of a thing which he called barley wine. In 1888 the German Marx returned to the subject, and since then four or five French chemists have been at work. The results seem to be that there are two distinct kinds of vegetation among the wine-ferments, or microscopic ferment-plants, which absorb the sugar from the grape-juice and transform it into alcohol.

One of these appears almost immediately the fresh juice is turned into the vat, and, continuing its working for some forty-eight hours, has by that time produced alcohol to the extent of about 3 per cent. of the must. Then this ferment No. 1 begins to disappear, and it is just at this stage that a perfectly distinct plant develops and takes up the work of conversion, going on with it until an alcoholic strength of from 16 to 17 per cent. at most be attained. But this particular plant No. 2 is not so plentiful as the first one, although by far the most useful. The germs of both are found in the timber of the vine, and on the stalks, leaves, and grape-skins, though never inside the grapes.

Ferment-plant No. 1 shows itself on the vines just as the fruit begins to turn colour, but No. 2 is not found until the grapes are ripe; and it

disappears soon after, if the grapes be left to hang too long. It is therefore all the more difficult to make certain of it in the wine. And still it is in one way as hard as nails, so to speak, living through a good boiling; although a fierce southern, direct sun-heat will kill it. It is therefore commoner in northern latitudes, and that is why wine fermentation goes on more beneficially in temperate places. This No. 2 ferment-plant can, however, fortunately be cultivated artificially with ease, and this is what the viticultural chemists are now doing on a vast scale, in order to supply it to the wine-growers for use in the vintage.

And besides producing a good alcoholic strength in the wine, which is essential to robustness and the power of ageing, it is this higher ferment that ensures a bright, free, natural colour. They do say, too, that it determines the degrees of excellence in the flavour, and the quality of the bouquet. As to these two last points, there is nothing as yet certain. In some cases these effects are produced by the artificially cultivated ferment; in others, apparently similarly conditioned, they are not obtained.

Anyhow, the cultivation of this higher, or ellipsoid, ferment from the Bordeaux, Sauternes, Burgundy, Chablis and Champagne wines is becoming a regular industry, and it is supplied in stoppered vessels before the vintage, in order to be turned into the wine-vats ere any local fermentation of the must can start itself. One quart of the ferment skilfully dealt with is enough for from 200 to 400 gallons of grape-juice, according as the year is either a hot or a wet one.

It is evident that if (as is alleged) the ellipsoid ferment of Château Yquem, for example, can thus impart its flavour and its bouquet to the good white wines of other places, we are on the eve of terribly anxious times for the wine tasters. Of course, every French wine grower, and most good wine merchants, know that "Champagne" has long been a trade term, like "Cognac," and that suitable white wines from all parts of France—notably from Saumur, Vouvray, and the Charentes—have for many years been bought up by the champagne makers. Otherwise they never could supply the present enormous export of twenty millions of bottles—nearly fivefold what it was fifty years ago. So that there is no immediate danger of the new discovery playing old gooseberry with the Anglo-Indian's backstay "Simkin." But it is also averred that the artificial ferment banishes the "foxy" taste of American grapes; and if so, intelligently used by Germans, it ought to make sparkling Moselle—always rather a drug—more like a neutral champagne or a "Cabinet sec."

But amidst all this it is pleasant to know that the promise of our vines this year could scarcely be better as to quality and (relative) quantity. Thanks for this to the extraordinary long-continued heat and drought, which may indeed make it a sort of "comet year" for the 1893 vintage.

MR. WHITMORE AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE daily paper informs me that "the Directorship of the National Gallery is, according to Mr. Whitmore, a sinecure. He is of opinion that the duties of that functionary are practically limited to the selection and purchase of pictures, and he proposes to ask Sir John Hibbert next Friday whether he is aware that only two pictures were bought last year, and that until the Gallery is enlarged (which cannot be done for four or five years hence), there is no space in which pictures can be conveniently hung; whether, in view of the approaching vacancy in the office, he will consider it desirable to appoint a new Director at a salary of £1,000 per annum, in addition to the keeper of the Gallery; and whether the sum economised might be added to the sum allotted annually for the purchase of pictures."

In Mr. Whitmore's proposal I see the thin end of the

wedge—the abolition of the office of Director of the National Gallery and the handing over of the government of the Gallery to the County Council. I am inspired by no hatred of the London County Council; I know nothing about Betterment, and the Progressive party can adopt what policy it pleases regarding ground rents and I will support it with my vote. But I submit that the London Council should not be entrusted with the management of the National Gallery. No one has proposed such a thing; if such a proposal were made it would obtain no support. Quite so; but if Mr. Whitmore's proposal be adopted, if there be the slightest hesitancy in the nomination of a new Director, the way will be opened, and the destruction of a system to which we owe the most beautiful collection of pictures in the world will have become a matter of time. It is to the genius of a few well-chosen Directors that we owe the perfection of our collection—very largely to the genius of Sir Frederick Burton. The collection at Trafalgar Square was begun only sixty or seventy years ago; to-day it stands on a level with the collection in the Louvre, which was begun two hundred years ago. Is it true or is it false? and if it is true, would it not be well for Mr. Whitmore, and the few other people who suffer from strange itch for reformation of the National Gallery, to find another post to scratch themselves against? The National Gallery is the one perfectly managed institution we have; to have brought up our collection to the level of the Louvre in sixty years is a result that ought to satisfy the most exacting. How am I to drive this fact into Mr. Whitmore's ears? How am I to make him appreciate its significance. I despair.

For the last three or four years all sorts and conditions of scribblers, dealers, and philanthropists have attempted some kind of interference in the management of the National Gallery. The Tate gang wanted to turn it into a British Louvre for the benefit of Academicians; soon after it was discovered that the supply of water was deficient, and that some English pictures were cracking. Sir Frederick had to explain that nothing could be done to prevent them from cracking. Now we have Mr. Whitmore coming forward with as vicious and as silly a proposal as it is possible to conceive. Who is Mr. Whitmore—to adopt a mode of argument often heard at ticket-offices—that he should advise a step which would imperil a system to which we owe so much? Is there not bi-metallism and the higher sewage, and a hundred other reforms of which I do not even know the names, any one of which should suffice for the ambition of a politician? Mr. Henniker Heaton discovered the Post Office, and has fussed about there these many years, doing no harm to anyone or anything; for all I know, doing a great deal of good. Now cannot Mr. Whitmore be induced to withdraw his attentions from the National Gallery and devote his very serious intelligence to a matter more worthy of it and more in need of it?

Shall I send Mr. Whitmore a copy of "Modern Painting," and specially invite him to study the chapter on the management of provincial art galleries which are managed by County Councillors? Mr. Whitmore will read there of the money that has been wasted on pictures by Liverpool and Manchester. He who runs may read, but he who reads may not understand, and judging from Mr. Whitmore's views regarding the directorship of the National Gallery, I doubt if he will be able to bring himself into harmony with mine. Let us consider his opinions. He believes that the Directorship is a sinecure because the duties of the Director are confined to the selection and purchase of pictures, and to point his argument he reminds us that only two pictures were purchased last year. It could not have taken more than a week to arrive at a decision: therefore Sir Frederick Burton was paid for doing nothing for fifty-one weeks. This manner of "reasoning" reminds one of the learned judge or the learned

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counsel who asked Mr. Whistler how long it took him to paint one of his nocturnes. Mr. Whistler replied, "Two hours." "And you ask two hundred pounds for two hours' work?" replied the learned judge or the learned counsel. "Certainly," replied Mr. Whistler: "it took me thirty years to learn how to do that two hours' work." Mr. Whistler recorded the incident in his book, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," so really Mr. Whitmore's proposal is altogether without excuse. I wonder if it would be of any use to advise Mr. Whitmore to send round for this book to his bookseller. If he insists on asking questions about the National Gallery it would be well for him to read it—something of its wisdom may find its way to his brain; but of course I should much prefer him to direct his attention to the higher sewage, the House of Lords, or bi-metallism.

The knowledge that went to determine Sir Frederick Burton to purchase last year's pictures took half a century to acquire. Has it ever occurred to Mr. Whitmore that the Directorship of the National Gallery is an office more difficult to fill, for which fewer men are available, than almost any office under the Crown? First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary of the Board of Trade, Chancellor of the Exchequer, French, German, or Italian Ambassador—hundreds of men are capable of filling these posts. How many men are there in England who could have done what Sir Frederick Burton has done for the National Gallery? Mr. Whitmore thinks that he is paid for more weeks than there is work for. But in the fifty-one weeks for which Sir Frederick Burton ought not, in Mr. Whitmore's opinion, to have been paid, Sir Frederick Burton was declining to purchase pictures; and a wise "No" advances the National collection as much as a wise "Yes." Our collection has reached a point when to preserve from pollution is the first consideration of the Director. Three or four, half-a-dozen, pictures a year are sufficient to prevent stagnation; and stagnation would be ten thousand times preferable to the purchase of inferior pictures. A little judicious weeding is required. Regarding the line that the successor of Sir Frederick should take in the continuation of the collection I shall have a few words to say next week.

On Friday Mr. Whitmore will ask his question, and I hope Sir John Hibbert will invite him to direct his valuable attention to the higher sewage.

G. M.

ON THE WAY TO NYASSALAND.

CHINDE (ZAMBESI), May 31, 1893.

THE port of Chinde has not been in existence for more than a year and a half, when the present English concession (consisting only of a few acres of ground) was obtained by us from the Portuguese Government. Three years ago Consul Rankin ascertained by experiment that the branch of the Zambesi known as the Chinde Mouth was navigable for steamers of light draught. It is well known that this great river was practically almost barred to commerce—its only port, Quilimane, being (as is well known) situated, not on the river itself, but on a stream called the Kwakwa, which has no connection with the Zambesi, and necessitated a portage of several miles across a swamp—dangerous in the fever season, and more or less difficult at all times. At this time Chinde existed not, save in the shape of a few scattered native huts. Since the granting of the English concession various iron buildings have sprung up outside it—a Portuguese Residency, a German store, and others. But it is still very much a place in the making. The buildings within the concession, including the Vice-Consulate and the African Lakes Company's house and store, do not number more than half a dozen, all told; and though roads are laid out and even named, a great part of it still consists of grass and scrub. The concession is surrounded by a *boma* built of stakes of the kind

used in African native villages—at least, it will be when the *boma* is completed; at present a good half thereof is only marked out, and a stroll almost anywhere through the bush will bring you within sound of hatchets, or you will meet a blameless Ethiopian with a small tree or two—carefully barked and trimmed—balanced on his woolly head. A dock is being dug, and a new steamer is in course of construction; and there are always two or three vessels on hand—sometimes more—to enliven the prospect from the African Lakes Company's verandah.

The river is about two miles wide at this point, though the distance is deceiving to the eye. The other bank has no particular feature to throw it into perspective; it is a low-lying strip of bush-land, green with a deep rich yellowy-green, golden in some lights, and cut up by creeks to which the entrance can only just be perceived when pointed out. It is only when catching sight of a fishing-canoe on the other side, and noting the thin dark line in the water and the two points of exclamation moving about on it (which at first you thought might be merely wading birds), that you come to realise the reach of water that lies before you. Low tide discloses a long low line of sandbank near the north bank—the deeper channel lies on the southern side. The difference between high and low water is not very great, and what is disclosed by the latter is clean sand, not mudbanks. Moreover, the prevailing wind is S.E.—blowing straight from the sea across the tongue of land formed by the curve of the river towards its mouth—so that Chinde is a much healthier place than, e.g., Quilimane. There are mangrove swamps on the other side of the river, and mudcreeks where the *muu*—the hippopotamus—disports himself; but as the wind seldom blows from them to Chinde they are comparatively innocuous.

The wet season in Chinde lasts from October to March or April, but there are occasional showers even in the dry, which are always welcome, as the drinking supply depends on the rainwater tanks. The "wells," so-called, are holes dug in the sand, which allow the river-water to filter through. But there is a talk of artesian wells, where practicable. The ground here is partly loose sand, mostly overgrown with hardy vegetation of the bent-grass type; partly a firmer kind of soil, hard and pleasant to walk upon just now, but evidently deep mud in the rains. In fact, you frequently come upon spots in the bush which appear to be dried-up swamps. There is no undergrowth; the ground is grey, hard, and cracked; the trees grey, dry, and bleached-looking—you think they are dead, till you look up and catch sight of their leafy crowns away up above. At other parts the "bush" is scrub, with narrow sandy paths winding through it, or little open glades grown with grass and set with clumps of palm, young cocoanut (I have seen no adult cocoanuts close to Chinde, though there is a grove which serves as a sea-mark on the other side of the river, farther down), or screw-pine (*Pandanus*). There are not many large trees, though they occur here and there. The prevailing kind is a small one with reddish wood, which the people are always cutting for fencing-stakes. There are various flowering shrubs, which I have not identified; one looks something like an elder, and is just now in berry; another has great masses of small greenish-white blossoms, very sweet-scented; but the handsomest is a kind of calabash-tree, with large yellow hibiscus-like blossoms. Little land-crabs (whose holes perforate the ground in every direction) are scuttling hither and thither, and a peculiar kind of snail, resembling the sea-shell *Turritella*, and with a second opening at the point of the shell, which makes you think at first that the tip is broken off.

The open grass-land at the edge of the bush has a great charm of its own, especially in the afternoon light. There is a strange dull richness about the African sunshine; it does not dazzle, but has a peculiar intensity, and gives a look of brooding mystery to the landscape with its deep, almost

heavy, blues and greens. The green of the grass has rich golden tones; the river is in some lights blue, in others grey, greenish, or fawn. Just now, as I write, it is most like a dove's neck. Then the scent of the grass, as the sun shines on it, seems to match the sunshine; it is sweet as new-mown hay at home, but not like it—perhaps more like hay that has been left just a thought too long, and yet without a hint of anything unpleasant, with an added breath of tropical spice, and a suggestion of mysterious incense. Again and again one has to draw on those same words—dull, rich, and heavy. The comparison is hackneyed enough, but it forces itself on one's mind. The face of the country recalls the Egyptian sphinx—terrible to some, repulsive to others; brooding, portentous, uncanny, shadowed with a mysterious sadness, and always beautiful to those who understand.

Not that there is anything depressing in the place, or anything to afflict one in the aspect of the people. The native population, previously scanty, has increased since the English occupation, and there is a village just outside the concession *boma*, most of whose huts fly white flags, in token that their owners are working for the English, and cannot be interfered with by the Portuguese. They are a mixed lot. The people belonging to the place are, I believe, Makunda, or Wakunda—I am not sure of the prefix—but there are Atonga and Mang'anja from the lake country, and a sprinkling of Zanzibaris. Walking through the village, I find that the Swahili salutation "Yambo" is in many cases understood and cordially replied to. The interrelation of the "Bantu" languages is a fortunate circumstance for the casual traveller. A few words of Swahili or Congo which happen to be the same in Chikunda or Chinganja will carry one a long way. *Njila* ("path"), which I picked up long ago in a book on the Congo language, is a useful word here; so is *kwenda*, "to go." The natives of the neighbourhood are exceedingly polite, and act as guides by running behind you at a respectful distance, and shouting at you when you show signs of going wrong—only that "shouting" is too strong a word to use. Whether the cause lies in the melodiousness of the language or the throats of the speakers, one seldom, if ever, hears even excited natives becoming harsh or discordant in their utterance. What they may do at beer-drinking I cannot say; but of yells or howls such as one is taught to expect from "savage" man, I have heard none, though they "yeo-ho" most vigorously when "toting" loads from the beach. As for the rest of their conduct, I am grieved to hear that they are great thieves, though I know this as yet only by hearsay; and I fear, in any case, that there are not many as conscientious as poor Jacob—an Atonga "boy" from Dr. Laws' station at Bandawé—whose great affliction is that "he loves tobacco"—which, he fears, is wrong. Jacob holds a service in the A.L.C. yard every Sunday afternoon for his comrades, and is said to be eloquent as an exhorter in his own tongue. Certain it is that he sings Atonga hymns excellently well, and with great feeling. For the rest, he bears an excellent character—apart from his wicked fondness for tobacco, of which, so far as I am aware, no one has accused him except himself. Another Atonga is a quaint character who describes himself as "Dr. Robert Scott (black)" by way of distinction from the white man from whom he adopted the title.

At present the great drawback to Chinde as a port is the bar, which cannot be crossed by anything worth mentioning either at low water or in rough weather. It is the common complaint of the East African coast, and perhaps, in time, remedial measures will be possible. It may, indeed, be (though, without doubt, he who suggests such a thing is a heretic to the faith of the British Empire) that this same bar is a provision of Nature to prevent premature Anglicisation of the country. It may be. . . . But this is not the place for speculation.

The *John Bowie* launch is getting up steam to start up-river, and the clink of the shipwrights' hammers sounds from the building-yard. In another hour or two we shall be off—up country!

A. WERNER.

THE WALLS OF ANOTHER WORLD.

AMONG many things you are chiefly struck by the flesh-coloured walls of the lofty, well-lighted wards, and the smell of antiseptics; a pink-cheeked, black-haired nurse, you notice, is sitting between two beds by a little table covered with surgical contrivances, and winding balls of soft lint from the waste pieces to wipe away blood from a sore.

The beds are placed at regular intervals, with one or two gaps closed up with extra beds—the ward is over-full. The clean, white-planked floor, the large windows, the cleanness and brightness of the room, a few pots of green plants in the wide window-sills, the red flannel black-striped coverlets and blue and white check bed-covers, all make cheerful colouring. The fire burns pleasantly in the wide grate; two probationers are sitting whispering over what a doctor said to one of them. Out in the corridors the quiet, penetrating voice of one of the surgeons is heard. A patient moans slightly. But all else is silent. The afternoon sunshine makes bright patches on the floor, the sun is slipping slowly to the west, but before he goes he will glorify what he touches. And the echoes drifting up from the street beneath, the rumble of traffic, the confused blending of voices remind you that the old life is hurrying along on the old wheels outside.

A fair-necked girl, with auburn hair, sits in a chair by the fire twisting and untwisting nervously her thin white fingers. As I talk trivialities to the chaplain I feel her eyes turned on me with reproachful suspicion—even a little hate is in her look. "She leaves here next week . . . cannot do her any good . . . they have told me to break it to her. I have not done so yet. She is No. 42—"

The sister sits by the neat little table; she does not move. The two probationers cease whispering, and move to a bedside to lift a patient—a red-faced woman—higher. She groans. "There, now you feel better?" A wizened, white-faced little child, with skinny arms, watches the proceedings from the next bed with a malignant stare—her neighbour is a petty enemy of hers. And she continues staring at us, for she has no strength to remove her dark, wasted eyes from what is going on. An insufferable air of languor prevails in the sick faces in this cheerful room. Everything, though real, is horribly unreal. One feels the eyes of all the patients are fixed on the stranger and the black-coated chaplain. Some of them know they are going to get well; these mix with their air of defiant curiosity something that is more human, more of everyday. One perceives these people are returning to the world. Others, again, are so weak, so languid, so far off in their powers of perception, that they can only just keep their eyes on your face, but in them there is the expression of the suffering outraged egoism—"You, you are well, and talking about me. I, ah! I cannot get back to life."

The preparations, the unostentatious practical display of method, resource, cleanliness, the supreme order in the ward, the vigilance and the severity of science, the concentrated accumulation of material and all that can do good, this is what strikes the mind forcibly like the blow of a sledge hammer. And then in looking round for the object of all this skill, this system, looking for the sick living people, one perceives them to be far off, far, far away, struggling to reach you, and you too have to struggle to reach them. Bundles of figures, sleeping figures, figures with faces upturned and heads thrown back, others with staring eyes watching you from a mass of bed-clothes, others with defiance, but few, so few, with human

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personalities; their personalities have got beyond themselves, their individualities seem lost, merged, annihilated, and yet the intense feeling of separate egoisms struggling, baffled in the bondage of disease, is everywhere around you, and you feel that you too are entrapped and helpless, helpless to do anything but coldly and imperfectly understand these things passing before you. Intuitively you repress pity as an impossibility, and with wondering eyes you drink in Nature's thwarting of this batch of humanity. Here are some of her failures, samples to test her diseases on. What horrible malformations, what hideous human fungi, and evil excrescences of Nature's purposes! What a daily irony laughs in suffering human form at your safe smugness! The would-be suicide you saw yesterday, the man who cut his throat, has died this morning. The bed is empty, and he is no longer there. His body has been carried away; his bed will receive another man this afternoon. And the man in the next bed looks at you with curious eyes! Or you stand at the foot of a bed looking at a woman who the doctors say will die. With ashy sweating face she lies, her chest bare, her breath coming in loudly rising choking gasps. Her wretched life is still contending for her. So loud her breathing it seems as though she must wake, but no; and again the sobbing breaths are torn through her teeth. A baby with thin distorted neck and hideous suffering eyes lies hard by her, the living skeleton of a child whose mother was starved in pregnancy—with twisted bony limbs, and old-young look of comprehension it lies and looks at you—Oh God! the other children call in your heart from memory of them to this.

Not much of this is there, but more recovery, resigned cheerfulness, and a little joy. But marking all before you, you must idealise the conduct of these men and women who have devoted themselves to the baffling of cruel Nature and her absolute recklessness. Not for their individual courage or unselfishness—they are more courageous than others from their professional training, and perhaps less sensitive than other men; but for the fact that, wittingly or unwittingly, they form a band of those who work for the greatest of causes men ever work for—the preserving of life, the restoring of sanity; they are using great instruments of progress in a warring world where to live is to struggle, to change and affect the lives of one's fellow-men. And these men and women are banded together, despite their personal aims, in a great abstract feeling of succour and release.

As you pass the beds again, departing, singling out here and there some special man or woman—a young man who lies resignedly with folded arms, his strong masculine limbs, beautifully shapely and white, his eyes clear and serene under strong level brows, thinking of the amputation the surgeons performed yesterday on him—or a girl, maybe, coarse-featured, hard-faced, with purple scrofulous patch over her eye, who answers with sullen voice the scrofula "just come"—as you pass the beds, asking yourself why Nature's splendour that yesterday seemed so great, so real, to-day so mocking, should fade into cold vacuity at the sight of writhing suffering, as you pass the beds of old women and old men and children—the recovering, the fallen, the slain—a strange murmur, the roar of mighty London, begins to break, to rise and fall upon the ear. Outside night is falling in dusky splendour of red wintry sunset over the black city. Vague voices, echoing omens from the great world outside, come louder and more insistent through the windows, closed here to shut them out. Down there, in the thronged evening streets, where people are streaming from work, life is going on, racing on in the old fashion. Something calls one—yes, this place, which is recruited from thwarted souls, is but a cloister; it is life's sorry almshouse, and ye who are now being carried within its gates have stepped aside, for a little while, perhaps for ever, from the conflicts of the world.

EDWARD GARNETT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BLEATINGS FROM A STRAYED SHEEP.

SIR,—When, day after day, I read articles by Greenwood and Co. on Bogey Gladstone, I wish the writers had the courage of the Jews of nineteen centuries ago, to push their principles to their logical conclusion. It was not a sightly crowd, perhaps, that brought about that execution, but some of them—notably the old money-changers in the temple—had, at least, the atoning grace of provocation.

I write this from a little harbour of refuge called a "Primrose Club"—the cheapest and best news room (with other good qualities) in London. The only link that binds me to this club is gratitude to the late Lord Beaconsfield for many kindnesses granted to me for the benefit of others. The Conservatives are much more clever than the Liberals at club organisation. They understand the art of converting the wavering political mind through the impressionable belly. They would never have committed the fatal mistake of blackballing the late (and early) W. H. Smith because he was "a d— tradesman."

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

Primrose Club, Park Place, St. James's.

ETHICS AND ECONOMICS.

SIR,—I am unable to conceive of any other methods or modes, with the exception of those of free-gift and bequest (unless, indeed, gambling be included), by which the production and distribution of wealth can, consistently with the demands of equity, and (if gambling be excluded) of economy also, than such as shall be entirely regulated and governed by the principle of free exchange.

Of all exchangeable values, "Labour," said Adam Smith, "is the real measure. The productions of Labour constitute the natural recompense or wages of Labour."

Accordingly, the production and distribution of wealth through all the various stages of transformation and translation and development, from the collection of the raw materials of which wealth is primarily composed, no less than in the final acts by which it is transferred from the state of distribution into that of final use or consumption, upon the principle of exchange, is a condition which I believe both moral and economic principles and laws equally prescribe as necessary to the fulfilment of their demands.

It appears to me that Mr. Henry George, in his criticism in "Progress and Poverty" upon "The Wealth of Nations," overlooked one great and most important fact—a fact which, so far as I am aware, has been and is generally neglected. The fact to which I allude is that the statements of Adam Smith, in what I would describe as his fundamental axioms, of logical necessity involve the conclusion, and which he himself draws, that under present conditions the distribution of wealth cannot be entirely governed by the principle of exchange.

Values given and received not being measured by Labour, they therefore cannot be *exchangeable* values, of which Labour is the only true measure. And the great author of "The Wealth of Nations" also stated the cause or causes to which the fact that they are not so is due. It is true that, having stated this, he did not suggest the method that should be adopted for the removal of these causes, and he assigns inutility as the reason. And doubtless at the time at which he wrote he was perfectly correct in deeming it a useless task.

Freedom of contract, unimpeded by any and every arbitrarily created necessity—and therefore not only freedom in name but in reality—is obviously a necessary condition of free exchange.

—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD W. PERKINS.

Kingstanley, Gloucester, August 15th, 1893.

DUCHY DITTIES.

I.—THE BIG REVIEW.

(To be sung to a fife-and-drum quickstep.)

WHEN I went up, a raw recruit,
To Bodmin town from Scorrer,
Our Colonel wore a scarlet suit
Like a warrior all ablaze;
Our Colonel held a Big Review,
Wi' knapsack, pouch and bagginet;
And the Colonel's darter drove thereto
In a wagginet drawn by bays.

The horses pranced, the trumpets blawed,
The guns went off impartial;
But, of all the regiment, Private Coad
In a martial way did best.

"Stand forth, stand forth, thou hero bold!
To you the rest be secon'-rate;
'Tis you shall wear this clasp o' gold
For to decorate your broad chest.

"O where, O where's my best recruit
That ere I paid a shillin' for?"
But all the regiment stuck there mute,
Unwillin' for to explain;
Till forth I steps, an' gives a cough,
An' answers him so dutiful—
"Look, Colonel dear, he's gallopin' off
Wi' your beautiful darter Jane!"

"Of all the plans that ere I've known,"
Says he, "I do call that a plan
To bring my hairs in sorrow down
With a rat-a-plan to the grave.
Form up, form up, each galliant blade!
Form up, my sons o' Waterloo!
Us won't interrupt our Big Parade
For a mortal who can't behave!"

II.—THE GASHLY SEXTON.

As I was crossin' Tanner's Hill,
From this town to the next one,
I peered across a window-sill
An' spied the Gashly Sexton.
Ho! ho! Who's there within?
"'Tis I, the ghost o' Tom Leminn!"
Ho! ho! Why sit ye there?
"I sit for love of a widow fair
—Long an' long a-languishin',
An' leary lean a-longin'."

"Go down, go down to yon green door,
Right opposite the pump as is,
An' there inquire for Dame Treloar
That keeps the 'Goat an' Compasses.'
Ho! ho! She've married nine,
An' now's my turn to call her mine.
Ho! ho! Of all bereft,
An' Tom Leminn 's the last man left
—Long an' long a-languishin',
An' leary lean a-longin'."

The Dame Treloar she sat within,
A-scurin' of her pewter.
"I come," says I, "from Tom Leminn,
Your simple, patient suitor."
"Ho! ho! Step in, my friend,
To ghosts I do not condescend.
Ho! ho! Come taste my brew;
An' then, young man, I'll marry you
—Long an' long a-languishin',
An' leary lean a-longin'."

Though wedlock be a state divine
Contrived for mortal comfort,
Yet seein' she'd a-married nine,
I simm'd I'd better run for 't.
But ho! ho! no use to run,
She've married me as sure's a gun.
Ho! ho! by strength o' will;
An' Tom Leminn he sits there still
—Long an' long a-languishin',
An' leary lean a-longin'!

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FOLK-LORIST.

IN one of his unpublished watercolour illustrations to Young's "Night Thoughts," William Blake has drawn a numberless host of spirits and fairies affirming the existence of God. Out of every flower and every grass-blade comes a little creature lifting its right hand above its head. It is possible that the books of folk-lore, coming in these later days from almost every country in the world, are bringing the fairies and the spirits to our study tables that we may witness a like affirmation,

and see innumerable hands lifted testifying to the ancient supremacy of imagination. Imagination is God in the world of art, and may well desire to have us come to an issue with the atheists who would make us "realists," "naturalists," or the like.

Folk-lore is at once the Bible, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Book of Common Prayer, and well-nigh all the great poets have lived by its light. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Shakespeare, and even Dante, Goethe, and Keats, were little more than folk-lorists with musical tongues. The root-stories of the Greek poets are told to-day at the cabin fires of Donegal; the Slavonian peasants tell their children now, as they did a thousand years before Shakespeare was born, of the spirit prisoned in the cloven pine; the Swedes had need neither of Dante nor Spenser to tell them of the living trees that cry or bleed if you break off a bough; and through all the long backward and abysm of time, Faust, under many names, has signed the infernal compact, and girls at St. Agnes' Eve have waited for visions of their lovers to come to them "upon the honeyed middle of the night." It is only in these latter decades that we have refused to learn of the poor and the simple, and turned atheists in our pride. The folk-lore of Greece and Rome lasted us a long time; but having ceased to be a living tradition, it became both worn out and unmanageable, like an old servant. We can now no more get interest in the gods of Olympus than we can in the stories told by the showman of a travelling waxwork company. For lack of those great typical personages who flung the thunderbolts or had serpents in their hair, we have betaken ourselves in a hurry to the poetry of cigarettes and black coffee, of absinthe, and the skirt dance, or are trying to persuade the lecture and the scientific book to look, at least to the eye, like the old poems and dramas and stories that were in the ages of faith long ago. But the countless little hands are lifted and the affirmation has begun.

There is no passion, no vague desire, no tender longing that cannot find fit type or symbol in the legends of the peasantry or in the traditions of the scolds and the gleemen. And these traditions are now being gathered up or translated by a whole army of writers. The most recent of books upon the subject—"The Ghost World" (Ward & Downey)—is neither a translation nor a collection of tales gathered among the people by its author, but one of those classifications and reviews of already collected facts of which we stand in great need. Its author, Mr. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, treats as exhaustively as his four hundred odd pages permit him with the beliefs about ghosts held in every part of the world. The outside of the book is far from comely to look at, and the inside is that mixture of ancient beauty and modern commonplace one has got used to in books by scientific folk-lorists. Mr. Dyer collects numbers of the most entirely lovely and sacred, or tragic and terrible, beliefs in the world, and sets them side by side, transfixed with diverse irrelevancies—in much the same fashion that boys stick moths and butterflies side by side upon a door, with long pins in their bodies. At other times he irritates by being hopelessly inadequate, as when he follows a story of priceless beauty with the remark that "these folk-tales are interesting as embodying the superstitions of the people among whom they are current." But then no one expects the scientific folk-lorist to have a tongue of music, and this one gives us a great deal less of himself than the bulk of his tribe, and has the good taste to gird at no man—not even the poor spiritualist.

He deals in thirty-one chapters with such subjects as "The Soul's Exit," "The Temporary Exit of the Soul," "The Nature of the Soul," "Why Ghosts Wander," "Phantom Birds," "Animal Ghosts," "Phantom Music," and the like. The pages upon the state of the soul after death are particularly interesting

and have as much of the heart's blood of poetry as had ever Dis or Hades. Jacob Boehme held that every man was represented by a symbolic beast or bird, and that these beasts and birds varied with the characters of men, and in the folk-lore of almost every country, the ghosts revisit the earth as horses or butterflies, as doves or ravens, or in some other representative shape. Sometimes only voices are heard. The Zulu sorcerer, Mr. Dyer says, "hears the spirits, who speak by whistlings, speaking to him," while the Algonquin Indians of North America "could hear the shadow souls of the dead chirp like crickets." In Denmark, he adds, the night ravens are held to be exorcised evil spirits who are for ever flying towards the East, for if they can reach the Holy Sepulchre they will be at rest; and "In the Saemund Edda it is said that in the nether world singed souls fly about like swarms of flies." He might have quoted here the account in the old Irish romance called "The Voyage of Maclunds" of this great saint who dwelt upon the wooded island among the flocks of holy birds who were the souls of his relations, awaiting the blare of the last trumpet. Folk-lore makes the souls of the blessed take upon themselves every evening the shape of white birds, and whether it put them into such charming shape or not, is ever anxious to keep us from troubling their happiness with our grief. Mr. Dyer tells, for instance, the story of a girl who heard a voice speaking from the grass-plot of her lover, and saying, "Every time a tear falls from thine eyes, my shroud is full of blood. Every time thy heart is gay, my shroud is full of rose leaves."

All these stories are such as to unite man more closely to the woods and hills and waters about him, and to the birds and animals that live in them, and to give him types and symbols for those feelings and passions which find no adequate expression in common life. Could there be any expression of Nature-worship more tender and lovely than that tale of the Indians who lived once by the river Pascajoula, which Mr. Dyer tells in his chapter on "Phantom Music"? Strange musical sounds were said to come out of the river at one place, and close to this place the Indians had set up an idol representing the water spirit who made the music. Every night they gathered about the image and played to it sweet tunes upon many stringed instruments, for they held it to love all music. One day a priest came and tried to convert them from the worship of this spirit, and might have succeeded; but one night the water was convulsed, and the convulsion drew the whole tribe to the edge of the river to hear music more lovely than the spirit ever sang before. They listened until one plunged into the river in his ecstasy and sank for ever, and then men, women and children—the whole tribe—plunged after him, and left a world that had begun to turn from the ancient ways.

The greatest poets of every nation have drawn from stories like this, symbols and events to express the most lyrical, the most subjective moods. In modern days there has been one great poet who tried to express such moods without adequate knowledge of folk-lore. Most of us feel, I think, no matter how greatly we admire him, that there is something of over-much cloud and rainbow in the poetry of Shelley, and is not this simply because he lacked the true symbols and types and stories to express his intense subjective inspiration? Could he have been as full of folk-lore as was Shakespeare, or even Keats, he might have delivered his message and yet kept as close to our hearthstone as did the one in "The Tempest" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," or as did the others in "The Eve of St. Agnes;" but as it is, there is a world of difference between Puck and Peasblossom and the lady who waited for "The honeyed middle of the night" upon the one hand and the spirits of the hour and the evil voices of Prometheus upon the other. Shakespeare and Keats had the folk-lore of their own day, while Shelley had but mythology; and a mythology which has been passing for long

through literary minds without any new influx from living tradition loses all the incalculable instructive and convincing quality of the popular traditions. No conscious invention can take the place of tradition, for he who would write a folk tale, and thereby bring a new life into literature, must have the fatigue of the spade in his hands and the stupors of the fields in his heart. Let us listen humbly to the old people telling their stories, and perhaps God will send the primitive excellent imagination into the midst of us again. Why should we be either "naturalists" or "realists?" Are not those little right hands lifted everywhere in affirmation?

W. B. YEATS.

REVIEWS.

RICHARD BURTON AND HIS WIFE.

THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN RICHARD F. BURTON, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S. By his wife, Isabel Burton. With numerous Portraits, Illustrations, and Maps. In 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

THIS is a remarkable book about a remarkable man, and, we are bound to say, a remarkable woman; for the book is doubly autobiographical. A large portion of the first volume is from Burton's own pen, a history of his early life, much of which has appeared already in Mr. Hitchman's Biography. Why that book should ever have been written with the approval of the Burtons is one of the mysteries which marks their characters. From the date of their marriage, the lives of the two Burtons were one. Even when Burton was away on his wanderings his wife lived, so to speak, the other part of their dual life. Thus it is that the biography is really a double autobiography, for so closely were the lives and the work of the two linked together that Lady Burton cannot choose but write of herself when she writes of her husband. This is due to no spirit of egotism on the wife's part. From the dedication to her husband in that world where she longs to rejoin him to the last word in the second volume it is evident that to her Burton was a demigod in whom she lived and moved and had her being. Outside of his varied pursuits she had hardly any other intents; in everything he did and planned and wrote she had the most intense interest; and the rest of her life she devotes to trying to let the world know her hero as well as she knew him herself. There was perhaps only one interest that he did not share with her, though even this she might not be disposed to admit. It is evident throughout these volumes that Lady Burton is a devout Roman Catholic, an unquestioning devotee of the Mother of all the churches. She tries hard to believe herself, and to make others believe, that at heart Burton was a true son of the Church; that when a young and reckless officer in India he even went so far as to become a convert to the Catholic faith. Though even to her, agnosticism was generally his talk, and to most of those who knew him it was taken to be his creed, she assures us she knew better, and that at heart he was a son of Holy Mother Church. But Burton was essentially a tender-hearted man, with all his surface brusqueness, which his enemies characterised by a much coarser name. Through all his aberrations he was devoted to his wife, and well he might be. We have no wish to set our opinion against that of one who knew him infinitely better than we could do; but on the surface Burton seemed so indifferent to all creeds that a superficial observer might be pardoned for believing that if it would afford his devoted wife comfort to believe that he was a Catholic, he would not hesitate to gratify her. But far be it from us to seek to deprive Lady Burton of a consolation that must be to her very dear. One can hardly help being partly amused and partly awed at the last scene of all, when in Trieste she hurriedly sent for a Catholic priest to administer

the Viaticum to the man who during his chequered and adventurous life had tasted so freely of the tree of knowledge of Good and Evil.

We have said that Richard Burton seemed indifferent to all religions, but that probably does not express the real attitude of his mind. He was, in truth, intensely interested in everything that concerned humanity; but probably nothing had more interest for him than the various forms in which poor humanity embodied its conceptions of the metaphysical in the literal sense of the word. Lady Burton takes some comfort from the fact that her husband frequently attended pilgrimages to famous Christian shrines; but we doubt if he was more interested in them or more earnest in his devotions than he was in his ever-famous pilgrimage to the great Mohammedan shrine at Mecca, or than he would have been in a Tibetan temple or in the ceremonies of the Fire Worshipers.

We do not write thus in disparagement of Burton; quite the reverse. He was, indeed, one of the most cosmopolitan men who ever lived. The variety of his tastes, the multitude of his pursuits, render it a difficult task to fathom the man or to probe his real character or his inmost motive.

That Burton was a great traveller and one of the greatest of explorers, everyone knows. It would be a work of supererogation to recount once more his many exploits in the field of exploration and travel in nearly every quarter of the globe—in India, in Arabia, in Palestine, in the Land of Midian, in Africa, East and West (Harrar, Tanganyika, Zanzibar, Ashanti, the Cameroons, the Congo), in Brazil, in North America, in Iceland, in the region around Trieste. Burton did not belong to the hurry-scurry race of travellers who have little to record but the trivial incidents of daily travel. He was a man of keen observation, of wide sympathy, of rich suggestion. He mastered the literature of every region in which he travelled, and he often oppresses the reader with his wealth of information and his superabundance of allusion. As an explorer his title to enduring fame rests upon his discovery of Lake Tanganyika (1859-60), the first of the great Central African lakes, which form so marked a feature of the unhappy continent, to be placed on our maps, for Nyassa hardly counts. Burton knew well before he set out that he would find what he sought, for, as usual, he had mastered all that was known and conjectured concerning the centre of the mysterious continent. This in no way derogates from the merit of his great enterprise, which formed a turning-point in African exploration. Others, no doubt, knew that Ptolemy's lakes were not the mere products of imagination; but Burton was the one man who had the courage to go in search of them.

Lady Burton naturally dwells at length on the miserable quarrel between Burton and Speke; and, quite as naturally, she violently takes the part of her husband. Everyone unblinded by prejudice now admits that Speke, incited by others who ought to have known better, took a mean advantage of his leader when he reached home, and allowed himself to be bedecked in the honour and glory which he ought at least to have shared with his comrade, who, it must be said, generally spoke of "Jack" with a sad tenderness. We do not forget that Speke discovered the Victoria Nyanza, and that Burton for long discredited the theory that here we had the main source of the Nile. The tragic ending of the quarrel, in Speke's still unexplained death on the day before the two were to meet on the platform of the British Association at Bath, is one of the saddest episodes in Lady Burton's volumes. Now that they are both gone their faults lie gently on them. The unprejudiced historian of African exploration will have no difficulty in apportioning to each his real share in the work of opening up the continent.

But Burton was much more than an explorer. His "Birth of the Sword," his translation of Camoens, his translation of the "Arabian Nights," his many

writings in linguistics, anthropology, archaeology, would have made his name known had he never entered Africa. We do not care to discuss the question of Burton's motive in translating the "Arabian Nights" in full. He was saturated with Orientalism. Lady Burton more than hints that he had probably gipsy blood in his veins. But the superficial observer would be grossly unjust if he attributed Burton's interest in Oriental nudity, and in the discussion of topics that shock conventionality, to excess of sensuality. No one who had the privilege of more than a superficial acquaintance with the man would make this mistake. Burton did not consider any matter that concerned humanity "shocking"; he would discuss the distribution of an unnatural vice with as much coolness and deliberation as he would the spots on the sun or the tenets of Buddhism. His curiosity was more scientific than sensual.

The fact is Burton was altogether an abnormal man. With all his greatness and great-mindedness, with all his claims to enduring fame and his superiority to commonplace humanity, both he and his wife condescended to fish for the petty honour of C.B. just as if they had been risen shopkeepers. This itching for official honour is a strange feature in the character of the Burtons. As is well known, Burton, like Mr. Labouchere, was an *enfant terrible* in official quarters. He could not fit himself into the red-tape harness. He would have his say even if it cost him his pension. Conscious as he was of the great services he had done his country, as well as science, it must have been galling to him (as to his wife) to see much smaller men preferred to honour and place before him. We cannot, then, blame him for seeking the usual recognition of public service. It came tardily at the end of his life, and he never rose to a higher grade than that of a second-rate consul. We suppose it is for the public good that officialdom should cleave to its traditions; but no one who reads these two nice volumes can help lamenting that poor Burton was treated with such rigidity of inaction, and that his manifold services were reckoned as of no avail in shortening his years of consular drudgery.

But Burton is inexhaustible, and we can only, in conclusion, express our admiration of the record of his life and work and thought which Lady Burton has embodied in these two volumes. They are quite artless. They are simply a record from day to day and from hour to hour of the manifold life of the many-sided man. There is no attempt at fine writing; no effort to bring together into separate chapters the different aspects of his life. The narrative jumps from one incident and topic to another. But everything about Burton, and we must say Lady Burton, is somehow so full of interest, so above commonplace, and the writer puts so much enthusiasm and earnestness into every sentence, that the book will take its place as one of the most entertaining biographies written, and probably these are not more than half-a-dozen in all. We are always moving among racy and original people; they may be wicked or they may be otherwise, but they are always made to be entertaining. Lady Burton may be satisfied that she has succeeded in showing her husband to have been one of the most remarkable and many-sided men of the century, though not quite the saint (happily) she would like to believe him to have been.

THE GREAT MUTINY.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS, DESPATCHES, AND OTHER STATE-PAPERS, PRESERVED IN THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, 1857-58. Edited by George W. Forrest, B.A. Volume I. Calcutta: Military Department Press.

THE public thanks are due to Sir George Chesney for having suggested the arrangement of the State-papers relating to the mutiny of the Indian army in

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1857, and for having entrusted the work to hands so competent as those of Mr. Forrest. The volume now before us deals only with the first outbreak at Barrackpore, the revolt at Meerut, and the siege and capture of Delhi. But though it is only with a section of the great events of 1857 that it deals, and that not the section upon which the attention of Englishmen has been most generally concentrated, the narrative in this volume is one of profound and absorbing interest. We say the narrative, because after all it is the introductory chapter by Mr. Forrest, rather than the despatches and other documents, which fill the greater part of the volume, that will be most attractive to the general reader. And what a narrative it is! It begins with the outbreak of Barrackpore, when the Sepoys, believing that their caste was to be destroyed by means of greased cartridges, first showed signs of a mutinous disposition. It is not necessary to follow the story of the sudden outbreak of the great mutiny in a score of different stations. The Europeans in India had been lulled into a fatal sense of security by a century of successful conquest. They believed that the strength of the natives had for ever passed away, and, above all things, they believed in the fidelity of the Sepoy. Terrible was their awakening when they suddenly found themselves enveloped in the fierce flames of the revolt; when officers were cut down, in the presence of the troops they loved and trusted, by those in whose loyalty they had the most unwavering faith; when in scores of isolated stations small companies of men and women, reared in luxury, suddenly found themselves face to face with death, and plunged into privations and sufferings such as the imagination can hardly picture. In this volume we see but little of the minor tragedies of the mutiny; but it tells us all that can be told of the siege of Delhi, and of the memorable incidents connected with it. It was on the 11th of May that a great force of mutineers from Meerut and other places entered the capital of the old Moghul Empire and made their way to the palace of the king. Possibly the dispossessed sovereign was glad to see them, and believed, as many others did, that their appearance was the signal for the overthrow of the English *raj*. Whether this was so or not, he certainly extended no efficient protection to the English officers who were in the palace; and, whilst the day was still young, every European who could be found in Delhi had been massacred. It was on that day that the first of the splendid series of heroic deeds which shed lustre upon the gory record of the mutiny took place. The mutineers in vast numbers surrounded the arsenal, which was defended only by Lieutenant Willoughby and eight Europeans. They demanded its surrender, and in spite of a gallant defence by Willoughby and his handful of men, they gained possession of the walls. Then Willoughby, "seeing that it was past hope, gave the signal, and Scully lighted the train. A crash of thunder followed, and the exulting assailants were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels. Four of the heroic nine, wounded, shattered, and bruised, made good their retreat from the ruins. And the three hundred Spartans who in the summer morning sat 'combing their long hair for death' in the passes of Thermopylae, have not earned a more lofty estimate for themselves than those nine modern Englishmen."

This was the beginning of the great struggle, and it sounded the keynote of the spirit in which it was fought. Neither in ancient nor in modern times has there been a campaign in which on one side there was not only so desperate a courage but so absolute a contempt for overwhelming odds. Outnumbered by fifty to one, the English boys who had gone to India to enjoy, as they imagined, a career of luxurious ease and pleasure, suddenly showed that they had in them the Berserker rage of their far-away ancestors, and fought and suffered and died as only heroes can. Those who were able to make their escape from Delhi, on that fatal 11th of May,

retreated to Meerut, and there awaited the arrival of the little army of three thousand Europeans and one thousand native troops who were marching against the strongest fortified city in India, held by a hundred thousand of the enemy. For some weeks this little force clung, like a limpet to the rocks, to its position before Delhi, awaiting the siege-train and the reinforcements without which it was impossible that it could capture the city. Every day it had a battle to fight; every day some brave man fell; and with each fresh morning it seemed as though the whole little band, officers and men, had been baptised afresh with the spirit of heroism, and had found new courage for the task on the successful performance of which depended the maintenance of our Empire in the East. On September 3rd the siege-train arrived, and eight days later, after batteries had been constructed at the greatest risk in front of the walls, the bombardment began. It lasted for a little more than two days, and then, on the morning of the 14th, the terrible assault was delivered. The walls were attacked at four different places by columns consisting, in each case, of about a thousand men. It was the third column which entered by the Cashmere gate, profiting by one of the most splendid deeds of courage in the history of the British army. The gate was blown in by a small party of volunteers consisting of six Englishmen and five Bengalese. These, advancing under a fearful fire from the walls, placed the powder-bags in position. One of them, Sergeant Carmichael, was killed while laying the powder, another being at the same time wounded. Lieutenant Salkeld and Corporal Burgess remained to fire the train when the rest had taken shelter in the ditch. Salkeld, as he was about to apply the match, fell wounded to the death. As he did so, he handed the port-fire to Burgess, bidding him apply it. This Burgess did; and, doing it, was shot dead. It was through the blood of these heroes that the flag of England was carried in triumph to be once more planted on the palace-roof of Delhi.

It is this splendid story of which we have the full account in Mr. Forrest's volume, told not only in the graphic narrative of the editor, but in the contemporary despatches of the chief actors in the memorable drama. After reading the narrative, one turns with renewed admiration to the documents on which it is based, only to find ourselves called upon to admire afresh the stern simplicity of these records, the conspicuous absence of anything like self-praise or hysterical exaggeration. Clearly it was only the men who could do such deeds who were capable of writing of them with such studied calmness and self-restraint. A reporter describing a sham battle in the naval manoeuvres uses a hundred adjectives for one that is to be found in the official record of the siege of Delhi.

LIBERTY FOR LABOUR.

LA TYRANNIE SOCIALISTE. Par Yves Guyot. Paris: Ch. Delagrave.

To a great extent this book must be regarded as a "campaign document"—a warning to the *petit bourgeois*, and to the numerous well-meaning sympathisers with the claims of Labour, with a view to the impending general election in which the author is being opposed by an ex-Minister, M. Goblet, now almost a Labour candidate. Part of the work deals with recent strikes and Labour struggles in that country, matters which for the English reader have only a secondary interest, because we are far past the stage in Labour warfare exhibited by the murder of M. Watrin or the riots at Carmaux. Part of it, again, attacks the recent Acts extending factory and workshop inspection and limiting the employment of women and children—Acts the policy of which it combats by views and arguments once the staple weapons of the Manchester school, but now entirely out of fashion on this side of the Channel.

But when we subtract all this matter, a good deal remains which is of permanent value, and which English Socialists will do well to perpend and digest.

Socialism, argues M. Guyot, is regression; it tends to undo the work of the first French revolution. That movement secured for the average citizen his personal freedom and his right to do what he liked with his own property. Society has progressed, as we all know, from status to contract. But in economic matters Socialism proposes to revert to status. Indeed it goes back not only beyond the first Revolution, but beyond that distinction of real and personal contract which is one of the great achievements of Roman law. Contracts, according to the French Code Civil (if we follow M. Guyot aright), can only relate to things quantitatively determinable. To make the State the universal employer burdens all its subjects with a liability to services which are indefinite and quantitatively indeterminate.

M. Yves Guyot's specimen French Socialist—who appears at intervals through the book in conversation with a Spencerian physiologist of determinist views—is a declamatory and extremely foolish person; and the bulk of the Socialist views which serve the author as ninepins are extremely foolish too. They do not quite sink to the mental level of the elector by whom M. Guyot tells us he himself was denounced because he would not support the "repeal of the law of supply and demand." But they include the "brazen (or iron) law of wages"; they are hostile to machinery and the immigration of foreigners; they imply the possibility of "over-production"—which, as M. Yves Guyot shows, and General Walker had remarked before him, simply means under-consumption, and therefore under-production by consumers. Their champions attack the Government as "Panama men," and yet wish to extend the sphere of its activity, without postulating that ethical reform of which we have heard so much on this side of the Channel.

At the same time, M. Yves Guyot's replies to all this call for a good deal of criticism. His accounts of the doctrines of Malthus and Ricardo are the accounts usually given by writers who have never looked at the writings of either author. Ricardo the stock-broker appears as the typical abstract thinker, and his theory of rent is criticised, after the manner of H. C. Carey, as historically false, because the most fertile land, being often unhealthy or open to attack, is not taken up first in the history of civilisation—just as if Ricardo had not expressly made situation one of the elements of the desirability of land. Again, Malthus' "tendency of population to outrun the means of subsistence" has never been realised, because, as Malthus himself elaborately showed, the checks have always been too powerful. But Malthus was dealing with the society imagined by Godwin, in which those checks were supposed to be very slight; and the tendency of civilisation is necessarily to attenuate their effect. Then, again, in attacking the eight-hour movement M. Guyot overlooks this valuable argument against it—that the "speeding-up of industry" with which employers will probably meet a reduction of hours, will tend to weed out the older or less capable workmen (wherever faster-running machinery can be employed) in a very harsh and oppressive way. Again, when M. Guyot points out the evils of strikes, he is simply playing the Socialist game. The greater the evils (as an English Socialist would reply) the stronger the argument for a system under which a strike would be a form of rebellion, to be prevented beforehand, or (at worst) repressed at once, whether by peaceful means or by warlike, with the whole force of the sovereign power. French Socialists may attack political economy: intelligent English Socialists accept its teachings and claim that they point to a Socialised world. They do not propose, like M. Guyot's sapient constituent, to "repeal the law of supply and demand"; they propose to regulate supply so that it

shall not be in excess of demand at any moment, and to secure effective demand by an organisation of industry under the control of the State. As we have said before in these columns, we do not believe they can do it, even when the ethical reform is consummated of which we have lately heard so much in these pages and elsewhere. But this book ignores their position altogether. Moreover, M. Guyot reproduces the old fallacy that the action of the State has continually tended to decrease. But the State in the modern, and the Socialist, sense is a product of the last three centuries. The Greek State did not regulate the life of its members; it was precisely because it did not—because those members were in-subordinate and desired, in Aristotle's phrase, to "live as they pleased"—that certain reactionary thinkers, of whom the most eminent were Plato and Aristotle, conceived a social system which—more by ethical training than by specific regulation—should check individual aberrations and organise a stable, uniform, contented, unprogressive mode of life, and sought to give it authority by connecting it with an imaginary past. The French monarchy in the time of Colbert interfered more with industrial freedom than any Government is ever likely to do again. But that was an exceptional case. Industry was hampered throughout the later Middle Ages; but by custom and by the gild rules, but not by anything like the action of a modern bureaucratic State. To take another point: it is really no argument against giving a weekly holiday to factory girls to say, as M. Guyot does, that they will get into mischief unless they are at work. In England we conceive it a philanthropic work to keep them out of mischief, and to a great extent the feat is accomplished. When M. Guyot attacks profit-sharing and other well-meant efforts of employers to do their duty by their workpeople, we wonder if he really means to advocate a reduction of the relation to that simple "cash-nexus" which was so fiercely denounced by Carlyle. It may be, of course, as we are often warned by employers, that the development of Trade Union action, and the substitution of great Federations on both sides for the single employer negotiating with workpeople whom he knows personally, will tend to bring this about. But if so, it is not a result to which we can look forward with equanimity.

M. Guyot gives some interesting particulars as to the present diffusion of property in France. When a certain loan of the City of Paris fell due in 1888, more than half the holders possessed only one whole bond or fractional bonds. One-fourth of the shareholders of the Crédit Foncier hold only one share; the vast majority of those of the Bank of France hold less than five. Of course, this must partly be due to the compulsory sub-division of inheritances. Still, it shows that property is a good deal diffused in France, and has a strong tendency to greater diffusion.

It is for these figures and for his wide generalisations that we recommend M. Yves Guyot's book; but we do not think he meets the case of the English Socialists. Socialism is one of the many things which evidently are not managed better across the Channel.

FICTION FROM CHINA.

CHINESE STORIES. By R. K. Douglas. London: Blackwood. PROFESSOR DOUGLAS warns us in his introduction not to expect too much from Chinese stories in general. In them, as in everything Chinese, he reminds us, there is a lack of passion, eloquence, fiery inspiration, and "the vivid fancy which belongs to more imaginative races." A careful perusal of the present collection amply bears out his warning. Except in that delightful tale, "A Chinese Girl Graduate," which, we suspect, owes not a little of its charm to the graceful and skilful manipulation of the adapter, there is little or no romance (at least in the modern sense) in these stories; descriptions of

nature are few, and might well be fewer, so wooden and jejune are they; and the use of the supernatural (except in the "Buddhist Story" and "A Fickle Widow," which are, however, not native Chinese stories at all, and therefore need not count) is rather ludicrous than tremendous, e.g., "A Twice Married Couple," where the appearance of the avenging spirit rather weakens an otherwise capital story. But it is neither fair nor grateful, perhaps, to judge these stories by a Western standard; and, indeed, taking them as they stand, they have their own peculiarly pleasant flavour. To begin with, most of them are extremely amusing. They are pervaded by a sort of playfully feline humour, and abound with the most comically perplexing situations. They show us John Chinaman at home, and we find him not such a bad sort of fellow after all. We are introduced to the bright side of Chinese society, and we find in it much that is amiable and attractive. We must, however, confess to a decided preference for the ladies. The heroes, mostly chosen from the student class, are, thanks to the stunting influence of an idiotic system of training, either prigs or pedants; but the heroines, whose heads, fortunately, have not been cramped and narrowed like their feet, are altogether charming. The subtle Plum-Blossom, the arch and seductive twins Daffodil and Convolvulus, the devoted Green Jade, and the tender and romantic Jasmine, are every whit as natural and as insinuating as their Western sisters. Another strong point about these stories is the ingenuity of the plots, which are worked out with great skill and for the most part end happily. The best of the purely Chinese stories is perhaps "A Chinese Girl Graduate," the only really romantic tale in the book, which is excellently told, and rejoices in a profusion of comic incident that closely borders upon farce, as the reader may well suppose when we tell him that the heroine gets into such a pretty hobble as to find herself engaged to one young lady and two young men at the same time. "The Twins," also admirable in point of style, is a pretty story of the triumph of woman's wit over dignified dulness and bumbledom. "A Matrimonial Fraud" and "Within his Danger," though not without their good points, are scarcely so satisfactory. The latter, however, contains a vivid account of the horrors of a Chinese prison and the inhuman treatment of the prisoners, which recalls Father Ohrwalder's narrative of the dungeons of the Khalifa Abdullah at El-Obeid. "A Twice-Married Couple" has a more tragic tinge than the stories already mentioned, but it also is based on a very comical idea—the dilemma in which a lady was placed who had to remarry her own husband after he had attempted to murder her. The two remaining stories (for "How a Chinese B.A. was Won" and "Le Ming's Marriage" are rather semi-satirical social sketches than regular tales) are of foreign origin and remarkably good. "The Buddhist Story" is a humorous description of a gentleman who was turned into a carp, and so eaten by his bosom friend; but the second story, entitled "A Fickle Widow," deserves to be lingered over, for, if not the original, it is, at any rate, the earliest copy of a tale which has gone the round of the civilised world, delighted East and West alike, and proved as popular at the Court of Nero as at the Court of Louis XIV. The idea of the transmigration of souls, which lies at the bottom of this story, is so essentially Indian that an Indian origin may, we think, be fairly assumed. The spice and silk merchants of the far East presumably brought it with their wares to the Greek cities of Asia Minor some time before the Christian era, and it found a place, we have little doubt, among those Milesian stories the tradition of which has alone survived. Petronius must certainly have come across it during his Asiatic proconsulship, for we find a cynical and much-curtailed version of it in the Satyricon by which it was first introduced to the West. The monks ultimately inherited the best Petronian MSS., and the story, with a moral

appended to it, reappears in the mediæval "Historia Septem Sapientium Romæ" through which it passed into the fourteenth century *Fabliaux*. The French were particularly fond of it. Brantôme makes use of it. La Fontaine incorporated it in his "Contes," Voltaire in "Zadig," and Alfred de Musset modernised it still further in "La Coupe et les Lèvres." But it was also a favourite with the early Italian and Spanish novelists, spread northward into Holland, Denmark and Sweden, and, crossing the Channel, supplied Charles Johnson with the subject for a comedy and Jeremy Taylor with an apologue for "Holy Dying." Want of space forbids us to more than mention the numerous Arabic, Hebrew, and Turkish versions; but it is more to the point to observe that the story travelled eastwards as well as westwards, and appeared in the Chinese collection, "K'in Koo K'e Kwan," or "Strange Stories of Ancient and Modern Times," from which, under the title of "A Fickle Widow," Professor Douglas has now adapted it. The Chinese version, which evidently keeps very closely to the Indian original, is infinitely more artistic and delicate than what may be called the Petronian version. The moral feeling of it, too, is deeper than any of the numerous Western adaptations, for while in them the widow is either threatened with punishment or actually punished by some outsider, in the Chinese tale she puts an end to herself from sheer remorse of conscience. The Chinese version, however, has also reached the West, and is to be found in the eighteenth letter of Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," though in a somewhat garbled and prosaic form. Thus in Goldsmith's variant, the lady would fling her dead husband's heart instead of his brains, and ultimately "swims in her blood" instead of decently hanging herself. Goldsmith, moreover, makes the lady with the fan marry the (in the Chinese story) utterly disconsolate husband "lest so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain."

We have taken these stories for what they profess to be—fiction; and as fiction they are delightful; but even if they were uninteresting as stories, they would be valuable as social studies of Chinese life and manners, and we know of no other book in which so much useful information in so pleasant a form is given about Chinese examinations and Chinese nuptial negotiations, the two institutions which lie at the very root of Sinetic civilisation.

How far Professor Douglas has followed his originals we are not competent to decide, but we suspect, as we said before, that he has given far more than he found, and doubtless the bare bones of the Chinese narrator owe much to the bright and ample English dress in which they have been clothed. A good word must also be said for the illustrator, Mr. Parkinson. A captious critic might object that most of the ladies so prettily presented are of an Aryan rather than a Mongolian type, and look rather like European damsels masquerading in Chinese costume than genuine daughters of Ham. But there can be no doubt that the illustrations add greatly to the enjoyment of the text, and surely that should be the chief aim and ambition of every illustrator.

A MANY-SIDED KING.

EDWARD THE FIRST. By Professor T. F. Tout. ("Twelve English Statesmen.") London: Macmillan & Co.

UNLESS our memory of advertisements fails us, the projectors of the "Twelve English Statesmen" have, to all appearance, found more difficulty in providing a biographer for Edward I. than in performing a like service for any of their eleven other heroes. This, if true, is explicable. To tell Edward's story in a small compass, and yet tell it as it should be told, is no easy feat, and we can well believe that some have looked at the task and abandoned it. That story has a plot and a climax; we may even say that it has a dramatic unity. To represent it as

a series of episodes, to cut it up into isolated segments—one of which is to be called "The Scottish Difficulty," another "The English Justinian," and so forth—would be to fail. But the plot is complicated and the climax an intricate node. There are many distinct threads, each of which must be traced to its origin; and then one has to show how they knot themselves together round one man. The Welsh thread, the Scottish thread, the Gascon thread, the thread that we may call Parliamentary—these are but some of the stouter and more visible of those that make the tangle. There are some finer filaments that will be yet more troublesome. And, then, it is so hard to fix the degrees of knowledge and ignorance that one must attribute to one's average reader. Will he know the whereabouts of the four Contreds, of Ponthieu, of the Agenais? Must one give him a pedigree of Bruces and Balliols? Will he think that Boniface and Philip were good friends? Will he look for the Pope at Rome or at Avignon? We can sympathise with any who have looked at the task and abandoned it.

It could have been committed to no better hands than those of Mr. Tout. There are some men who would have turned out a more brilliant essay than that which lies before us, who would have written more graceful sentences than those which come from Mr. Tout's accurate and laborious pen, who would have made this or that event, this or that phase of Edward's character, more picturesque than he has made it; but we doubt whether any man living (bishops barred) could have told the story of Edward's career so truly or so artistically as it is here told. For one thing, Mr. Tout has understood that his business was to tell a story, and one that has never yet been fully told, and that his business was not that of making epigrams or philosophic reflections over a story that his readers might be supposed to know. For another thing, he is well aware of the intricacy of the tale; he knows that there should be plot, climax, dramatic unity, but knows also that each thread must be carefully extricated and laid before his readers, since otherwise they will never see the complexity of the node. But, after all, his best qualification for the task lies here: he is a very learned man; he knows his thirteenth century at first-hand, and has looked at Edward and England from many points of view.

To our minds, his book is a well-planned and well-balanced book. He gives an unusual prominence to what we may call the Gascon, or Aquitanian, theme in Edward's life—some will say an undue prominence. He himself goes far towards an admission that it is undue—or, rather, that it would be undue had not English historians scandalously neglected Gascony. This plea is both true and relevant. We cannot say whether a book is well-balanced until we have taken account of the general level of common knowledge. So we are glad to see Mr. Tout hurrying past that eternal question of the Scottish homage, hurrying past the embryonic history of Parliament, in order that he may have a little more room in which to tell us of Alfonse of Poitiers and Charles of Anjou, of Aquitanian *bastides*, John de Grailly and Otto de Grandison. Of the Scottish homage no one, it is to be feared, can now say anything that is new without saying what is obviously false; and if of the *præmunientes* clause we do not know all that it were decent to know, the Bishop of Oxford has lived in vain. The few mistakes that we have detected in this book are mistakes about details of English history, and, if they need pardon, we readily pardon them in consideration of services done beyond the four seas. "Edward's reign also marks the establishment on a firm basis of the equitable jurisdiction of the Chancellor. Burnell was thus both a chief minister and a great judge." Such errors as this—for error it assuredly is—can be corrected by specialists, but only the duller sort of specialist will raise an outcry over them. But of Gascony, what Englishman is to tell us unless it be Mr. Tout? He says, and well says, that it is a disgrace to English

scholarship that we should have to go to foreign writers if we wish to learn "how truly great was the great English king when all Europe welcomed him as the mediator of peace, when his friendship was sought by every Power of Western Europe, and when he made the name of England respected and feared in Germany, in France, in Spain, and in Italy." We are not sure that in his apostolic fervour he has not overrated by a little Edward's influence in continental affairs; but we heartily agree with him that our traditional ignorance of Gascony, our habit of treating it as an encumbrance and a bore, is a disgrace to English scholarship and to England. We never shall understand Edward I. or the work that he did—even the work that he did in England—until we can take the interest that he took in his Duchy of Guienne. It is not by so small, so slight, a book as this that Mr. Tout can obliterate this disgrace; that he must do elsewhere; there is none better able to do it than he is; but to have awakened an interest in Edward the Duke of Aquitaine, this, unless his readers are incurably insular, he has already done, and it was worth doing. Wales is another of his strongholds; his account of the Wales of Edward's reign, brief though it be, is the best that we have seen. Again, he knows the minor characters of the piece, knows them as they can only be known by one who has studied each of them separately in contemporary chronicles and original records. He has the right words, few though they be, for Burnell and Kirkby, for Bek and Langton, for Peckham and Winchelsea. Also, and this deserves no little praise, when nothing is known he says nothing. He is properly reticent about Wallace and about Bruce when the temptations to romantic guesswork are many. But he never forgets, or allows us to forget, that the king of England, the conqueror of Wales, the overlord of Scotland, is the Duke of Aquitaine. The result is that a truer or more lifelike picture of the king, the conqueror, the overlord, the duke, has never yet been drawn.

FICTION.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE. A Novel. In 3 vols. London: Henry & Co.

GHETTO TRAGEDIES. By I. Zaagwill. London: McClure & Co.

"The Spirit of Love" is one of those clever books which leave on the mind of the reader a sense of something lacking. There are admirable sketches of society in it, chiefly society of the provincial and clerical description. There are also some delightful portraits, those of the Dean of Harminster and his wife being specially noticeable. There is plenty of plot, too: plot of the kind to which the late Mr. Trollope and Mr. W. E. Norris have accustomed us. We move among real men and women, drawn with no unnecessary exaggeration, and we find ourselves joining them in the discussion of more than one of the burning problems of the time. This, in short, is a story which interests the reader from the beginning; interests him not only in the fortunes of the persons of the drama, but in their opinions and their social milieu. Yet does the work still lack that indefinable something which sets the hall-mark upon the really good novel or the really great piece of art. The truth is that the author has sacrificed art for the sake of the moral which he—or more probably she—wishes to bring home to us. It is the old moral of the difference between that love which is of the senses and that which is of the spirit. Rupert Nollath, the cousin of Lady Muriel Fitzame, wife of the Dean of Harminster, is the hero of the story, the lover whose spirituality is set in strong contrast with the fierce animalism which distinguishes the love, or perhaps we ought to say the loves, of Captain Fitzame, the Dean's son. There is a forlorn wife in Harminster whose husband neglects and ill-treats her; and in due time she is brought within the range of Nollath's personal influence. He is an

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enthusiast and an agnostic, and accordingly, in the eyes of the narrow clique of the Cathedral close, free from any of those restraints upon conduct which are to be found in orthodox belief. It is only his cousin, Lady Muriel, who believes in him to the end, despite his agnosticism. When, therefore, the world learns that Olive Trevelyan, the ill-used wife of the tale, has fled from the husband who had treated her always with a brutal indifference, and at times with a brutal cruelty, and that Rupert Nollath has disappeared simultaneously, it puts its usual construction upon the facts. It is only Lady Muriel who believes that her cousin is free from reproach. Her belief is well founded. He had rescued Mrs. Trevelyan at the moment when she was about to put an end to her life, and had found for her a safe shelter in the house of a good woman. He loves her devotedly, and the love is returned; yet he is strong enough, even after the world is fully convinced that they are living together, to send her back to her husband, with a more than doubtful prospect of future happiness. It seems to us a lame conclusion to a story which might really have been one of conspicuous merit, if the author had not fettered herself by the settled determination to make her characters live up to the particular tag of morality she has selected as her text. It is only the really strong writers who can weave a sermon into a work of fiction, and the author of "The Spirit of Love" is not yet strong enough to do this successfully.

In "Ghetto Tragedies," the author of "Children of the Ghetto" treads familiar ground. Once more we find ourselves among the Jews of the East-End, worshipping with them in their synagogues, learning the secrets of their poverty-stricken homes, and admiring the fervent faith and sweet human affection which can dignify even the bare walls of a garret in Whitechapel. In some of these stories Mr. Zangwill, it is true, goes farther afield, but he always remains in the society of Jews, and of the poorest and most helpless of the race. It is not exactly a book calculated to cheer the human heart, this "Ghetto Tragedies," but it is one from which noble lessons may be learned by Christians as well as Hebrews. Here and there, too, Mr. Zangwill hovers upon the verge of the world of mysticism, and leaves the reader to choose for himself between the natural and supernatural interpretations of the incidents he relates. Especially is this the case in the first and best story contained in the volume, that entitled "Satan Mekatrig." Moshé Grinwitz, the old Polish Jew, who has attained to a high place in the synagogue, is carrying the Scroll of the Law into the midst of the congregation whilst a thunderstorm rages without. A sudden flash of lightning enters the crowded temple, and, striking the scroll, dashes it from the hands of Grinwitz, whilst at the same moment a black-coated, fur-capped, red-haired hunchback, with gigantic marble brow and cold, keen, steely eyes, appears in the midst of the horrified congregation. It hardly requires his sneers to awaken in the heart of Grinwitz a sense of fierce revolt against the Almighty Being who has publicly dishonoured him in the moment when he was discharging the most sacred duty of the synagogue. But the stranger, if he did not sow the seeds of rank unbelief in the heart of Grinwitz, is eager to make them spring up and bear fruit. Few more pathetic scenes can be imagined than that in which the old Jew introduces his strange new acquaintance to his pious wife in the bare garret in which for years they have lived together in mutual peace. She, good woman, knows the hunchback in an instant for what he is, and implores her husband to thrust the Evil One from him. Vain are her prayers; and though, in the end, the troubled heart of Moshé Grinwitz finds rest in the divine mercy, it is not until a solemn and terrible tragedy has been played out. Mr. Zangwill writes like an artist. No slave is he to the moral he wishes to enforce, and in his very reticence there is a strength hardly to be surpassed by words, however forcible. Those who have read and admired

"Children of the Ghetto" will not be slow to appreciate this work from the same hand.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE remarkable letters on the "Administration of the War Office" which "Vetus" recently contributed to *The Times* have—thanks to the public spirit of a gentleman who is not acquainted even with the name of the writer—been reprinted in the form of a pamphlet. General Sir George Chesney has written a preface to the vigorous indictment, and in it he declares, with no more than simple truth, that the letters of "Vetus" contain a "scathing exposure of our present system of military maladministration, its extravagance, waste, and insufficiency." The War Office controls an expenditure of upwards of £20,000,000 a year, and by an appeal to chapter and verse, not in one but in many directions, the author of these letters proves—without any recourse to strong language—that we do not after all possess an army "capable of fulfilling the national requirements." There is only too much ground for the opinion which "Vetus" has arrived at—namely, that effective reform at the War Office will never be brought about from within; and hence the only chance for the adoption of the administrative reforms—which are explained at considerable length and with great clearness in these pages—springs from the pressure of educated public opinion. Sir George Chesney, who beyond most men is entitled to speak with authority on such a subject, does not hesitate to declare that the letters of "Vetus" remain unanswered because they are unanswerable, and he even hints that "nothing short of national disaster" will arouse the country to the actual condition of affairs. We trust that he is mistaken, and we venture to think that a good deal will yet be heard in Parliament, through the press, and in the country, about the facts which are brought to light in this calm, masterly, but merciless analysis of the existing disgraceful condition of affairs in one of the chief departments of the public service.

Every year the number of people who take an intelligent interest in the art of photography becomes greater, for, thanks to the Kodak and other popular appliances of the kind, thousands of amateurs all over the land are beginning to handle the camera with a skill which was formerly looked for only amongst professional experts. One proof of the widespread interest in the art is furnished by the appearance of "The Photography Annual," a manual of reference which has now reached its third year of issue. It is a formidable volume of eight hundred pages, too bulky, in fact, for the pocket of its readers, and as its editor slyly hints, too big also for the pocket of its publishers. In other words, it costs more to produce than the sum which is charged for it; but we presume that the advertisements—of which, by the way, there are many—render the manual even in a commercial sense profitable. We are inclined to think that a volume of such magnitude runs a risk of defeating its own object, for it is heavy to hold, and we cannot help thinking that if the process known as stringent editorial revision had been applied to the rather bewildering and prolix contents, the result would have been more satisfactory to everybody concerned. There are a number of practical papers by practical men; and though on the score of arrangement, as well as brevity, the volume leaves something to be desired, we can, in the main, heartily commend it as a compendium of photographic information and a record of progress in the growth of the art during the past year. The illustrations are numerous, and many of the full-page plates, especially those which portray Nature in summer and winter, are thoroughly artistic.

That hardy little annual, "Low's Handbook to the Charities of London"—a work of reference which has now reached its fifty-seventh year of issue—explains the objects and gives the date of formation, the amount of income, expenditure, and invested funds, with other explicit details of upwards of a thousand charitable institutions, great and small, within the

* THE LETTERS OF "VETUS" ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE WAR OFFICE. Reprinted from *The Times*, with a Preface by General Sir George Chesney, K.C.B., M.P. (London: Cassell & Co.) Crown 8vo. (1s.)

PHOTOGRAPHY ANNUAL, 1893. A Compendium of Photographic Information. Edited by Henry Sturmy. (London: Iliffe & Son.) Deny 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

LOW'S HANDBOOK TO THE CHARITIES OF LONDON, 1893. Revised according to the Latest Reports. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) 12mo. (1s. 6d.)

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS. ABRIDGMENTS OF SPECIFICATIONS. FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY, 1877-1883. (London: 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.) Royal 8vo.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: ITS HISTORY AND STRUCTURE. By W. H. Low, M.A. Second Edition. (London: W. B. Clive.) Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

BARRETT'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDES TO THE EASTERN COUNTIES. "Yarmouth and Caistor," "Caistor Castle," "Colchester and Lexden." Illustrated. (London: Lawrence & Bullen.) 8vo. (6d. each.)

WITH CAPTAIN STAIRS TO KATANGA. By Joseph A. Moloney, L.R.C.P., F.R.G.S. Portrait and Illustrations. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

Metropolitan area. We gather from the book that, in round terms, the total sum bequeathed to charitable institutions in the United Kingdom in legacies of £50 and upwards in the course of last year was £936,460, and of this sum about £498,000 fell to the lot of London. This is an advance on the previous year of about £8,000, but unfortunately the "increase is more than discounted by a falling off in the annual subscriptions"—the backbone, as we are here reminded, of our philanthropic institutions. The total income of sixteen of the best-known general hospitals in London during the last twelve months was £331,752, but the expenditure of these institutions was far in excess of that sum—a circumstance which causes just ground for disquietude. Statistics, at the best, only partially convey an idea of the demands made from day to day in a great capital on the resources of these veritable cities of refuge, but some conception of what that strain really is may be gathered from the fact that during 1892 no fewer than fifty-four thousand nine hundred and fifty-four patients found shelter and succour within their walls, whilst upwards of five hundred and thirty-eight thousand flocked to the gates as out-patients. It is not creditable to so opulent a city as London that many of the hospitals which are doing the greatest work are allowed to remain year after year crippled by serious financial difficulties. Dr. Johnson was accustomed to say that the full tide of humanity rolled past Charing Cross, but its waters are deeper and swifter now than when the sturdy old moralist watched it a hundred and twenty years ago. Yet Charing Cross Hospital, to take but one example out of many, is struggling at this moment with a debt of considerably more than £5,000, and it has no invested funds with which to meet its liabilities. Every year the applications for admission to this hospital increase, and in the accident ward alone the average number of cases treated is twenty a day. There are many other metropolitan charities which are greatly harassed at the present moment through lack of funds, and this little manual reveals by a convincing appeal to statistics not only the extent of their need but the magnitude of their operations.

The Patent Office have just published "Abridgments of Specifications in the Department of Furniture and Upholstery" during the period 1877-1883. It contains some eight hundred short illustrated descriptions of inventions for which patents have been secured, and of these no less than one hundred and twenty relate to bedsteads and berths, whilst almost as many are concerned with window-blinds, and chairs, sofas, tables of every conceivable form occupy a scarcely less prominent position in the list. The patent laws of this country make no provision for an official search as regards novelty, and therefore British patents are taken out at the risk of the applicants, who are expected to satisfy themselves that their invention does not infringe existing rights. In order to meet the needs of applicants and to facilitate their search the Patent Office are issuing abridgments of all specifications within the period 1877-1883, and they have already printed about sixty of these useful little manuals of reference, and we are informed that the remaining volumes of the series are passing through the press. It must, however, be borne in mind that the abridgments are merely intended to serve as guides to the specifications, as it is clearly impossible to print in this way the details of any particular invention. These manuals cannot fail to prove of great service to many people, and time, labour, and expense will be economised by inventors who have the sense to consult them.

We are not surprised to find that Mr. W. H. Low's brief account of the history and structure of "The English Language" has quickly reached a second edition. The book is admirably adapted to meet the requirements of students preparing for the matriculation examination of the London University. It is in the true sense of the term a scientific treatise, and is written throughout with scholarly care and strict accuracy of statement. Mr. Low acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Skeat's "Principles of Etymology," as well as to other standard books; but his own knowledge of the subject is manifest on every page, and the arrangement which he has adopted is both sound and convenient.

Every year East Anglia grows more popular as a holiday resort, and amid the fierce heat of the dog days the spell of its cool broads and bracing sea breezes is almost irresistible. We have already, on more than one occasion, found reason to commend Mr. Barrett's dainty little "Illustrated Guides to the Eastern Counties," and the three latest of the series—on Yarmouth, Caistor Castle, and Colchester respectively—are not a whit behind their predecessors in literary merit, artistic charm, and information which is at once explicit and reliable.

"With Captain Stairs to Katanga" is a concise, clearly-written account of the latest expedition to Equatorial Africa, and of the death of its young leader. Mr. Stanley has described the young lieutenant of Engineers, who was the first officer to volunteer his services for the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, as a man "who could obey orders without argument, and who could accept a command, and without ado or fuss execute it religiously." All who were acquainted with Captain Stairs are aware that such praise was deserved, and they know also that it was in the spirit which Mr. Stanley describes that the command of the Katanga Expedition was accepted just three years ago. Dr. Moloney accompanied Captain Stairs as medical officer to

the expedition, and kept a journal from day to day in which he placed on record the progress of the march, the incidents of travel and adventure, and the characteristics of the scenery traversed and the native races encountered on the long journey up country. He gives a graphic account of the hard fighting at Bunkeia, the capital of Katangaland, and also describes with gruesome details, which are hardly, perhaps, necessary, the manner in which cruel but capable old King Msiri was accustomed to punish those who thwarted his purposes in matters great or small. Eventually Msiri was killed, a man of straw appointed in his place, and the Belgian flag duly hoisted. It is impossible to feel the slightest sympathy for the quick-witted but wily old knave Msiri, since he was accustomed to shut his victims into a "hut with hungry village dogs, to be eaten alive," or else, with a still more devilish refinement of cruelty, to order them to be "buried in the earth up to their necks, and then left to starve." The nineteenth century has many faults and can be cruel enough in its way, but all the same, even in "Darkest Africa," men like King Msiri have outlived their day, and when they "cease to be" the world is distinctly the gainer.

The fate of Captain Stairs was peculiarly hard. He endured all the privations of the long march to the coast, only to die with the murmur of the surf in his ears. Dr. Moloney declares that Stairs was a man upon whom the Dark Continent had cast her spell with absolutely imperious sway. The book is interesting, but depressing; there is too much bloodshed in its pages, and we lay it down with a fresh sense of the deadly cost by which the slow and unsatisfactory process of African colonisation is being accomplished.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE NAMELESS CITY. A Rommany Romance. By Stephen Grail. (Osgood.)
- THE JEW. From the Polish of J. I. Kraszewski. Edited by E. Gosse. *Heinemann's International Library.* (Heinemann.)
- THE SALON. The Works of Heinrich Heine. Vol. IV. Translated from the German by Charles Godfrey Leland. (Heinemann.)
- SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT—NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF TECHNICAL AND SECONDARY EDUCATION. (Co-operative Printing Society.)
- SEVEN STORIES. By Hélène E. A. Gingold. (Remington.)
- FORTIETH REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)
- THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE. By Thomas Hardy. New Edition. (Sampson Low.)
- PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS. Abridgments of Specifications (Class 52). Furniture and Upholstery. Period A.D. 1877-1883. (Patent Office.)
- LOW'S HANDBOOK TO THE CHARITIES OF LONDON. Fifty-seventh Year (1893). (Sampson Low.)
- THE LETTERS OF "VETUS" ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE WAR OFFICE. Reprinted from the *Times*. Preface by Sir G. Chesney, K.C.B., M.P. (Cassell.)
- SCENES FROM MOLIERE. With an Introduction and Vocabulary. By V. Kastner, M.A. (Hachette.)
- LES ANGLAIS AU MOYEN ÂGE. L'Épopée Mystique de William Langland. Par J. J. Jusserand. (Hachette.)
- STRONBURY; OR HANES OF HIGHLAND YARN. By the author of "Tobersnory." (Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.)
- WHEN A WOMAN'S SINGLE. By M. Eastwood. (Ward & Downey.)
- STRAY SPORT. By J. Moray Brown. Two vols. (W. Blackwood.)
- THE LAST TENANT. By B. L. Farjeon. (Hutchinson.)
- AN UNCO STRAVAIG. By Cochrane Morris. (Ward & Downey.)
- THE COUNTESS RADNA. A Novel. By W. E. Norris. Three vols. (Heinemann.)
- PARTHIA. By George Rawlinson, M.A., F.R.G.S. *The Story of the Nations.* (Unwin.)
- CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA. By Giovanni Verga. Translated by Alma Strattell. *Pseudonym Library.* (Unwin.)
- THE SINNER'S COMEDY. By John Oliver Hobbes. Fourth Edition. *Pseudonym Library.* (Unwin.)
- IDEALA. A Study from Life. By Madam Sarah Grand. Fifth Edition. (Heinemann.)
- THE HISTORY AND PRESENT STATE OF THE SHEEP-BREEDING INDUSTRY IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC. By Herbert Gibson. (Buenos Aires: Ravenscroft & Mills.)

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE Autumn Session, despite the predictions of those who professed to be the only well-informed writers on the politics of the day, will certainly be held; but as to when the House will meet, or what business it will undertake when it does assemble, nothing definite can as yet be stated. It is not even yet certain when the adjournment will take place; though we imagine it will come rather sooner than many persons suppose. The Peers, who have been taking holiday for some weeks past, are said to have fixed the 5th of September for the opening of the debate on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill. In that case we may expect the division on the Bill on Friday, September 8th, and we shall be greatly surprised if—despite the heroic efforts which are being put forth by such persons as Mr. Bartley and Mr. Bowles for the purpose of obstructing the Estimates—both Houses do not adjourn very soon after that date.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S attempt to carry a vote of no confidence against Ministers last Monday resulted in the worst break-down which has yet befallen that gentleman in his political career. On both sides of the House his preposterous attempt to simulate indignation because the Government had taken the step which he had announced his determination to compel them to take, was treated with contempt. His attack upon Mr. Gladstone, which was even more venomous than usual, was heard, alike by friends and foes, with indifference; and Mr. Balfour, in a speech of exceptional brightness and good-temper, practically disavowed both his tactics and his spirit. All who know Mr. Chamberlain will be aware that he will seek his revenge for this humiliating rebuff. It is not easy to see, however, where he will find it. So far as Ministers and their party are concerned, they have suffered the worst at his hands. He has expended himself without stint or restraint of any kind in the attempt to discredit them before the country. There is not a charge left for him to bring against them. There is not an epithet, even in his copious vocabulary of abuse, which he has not already used. His quiver is emptied of its last arrow; and he has the mortification of seeing that the men he hates are not a penny the worse for his efforts against them. If he is wise he will try, for some little time to come, to forget that he has been absolutely worsted in his duel with Mr. Gladstone.

It will be wise, too, on his part if he refrains from exasperating still further those who are his chief allies in the unequal combat in which he is engaged. Mr. Gladstone touched him on the raw the other day when he remarked that Tory praises of the Member for West Birmingham were by no means due to an inveterate love for him personally. The Tory Party regards him as a bravo whose services it has bought by means of social blandishments and other ignoble bribes; but it distrusts him profoundly, and it is ready to resent any movement on his part which may look like an attempt to set up a rivalry against its own leaders. His discomfiture last Monday was enjoyed even more by the followers of Mr. Balfour than by those of Mr. Gladstone; and it is certain that if he seeks to revenge himself upon the Tory leader for the humiliation inflicted upon him, he will come off second-best in the contest. It really seems as though Mr. Chamberlain will have to sit down under his rebuff and cultivate that spirit of pious resignation which is at present so conspicuously lacking in his character.

THE complete success of the Government in their vigorous policy towards Obstruction has given general satisfaction. No doubt the newspapers on the Tory side have been loud and vehement in their denunciations of the "gag," and there is still a disposition to believe in some quarters that the country will rise in indignation because Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are not allowed to reduce the proceedings of the House of Commons to a farce. But sensible men, even among our opponents, generally recognise the truth we ventured to set forth last week, that the nation expects the majority to rule in Parliament as it does everywhere else, and that it is only when the majority fails in this duty that it falls into popular contempt. Certainly if the Tory leaders choose to go to the country on the cry of "the gag," they will find, despite the ingenious devices to which they have resorted to show how much of the Home Rule Bill has been passed without discussion, that the case is a hopeless one. The provincial elector knows that it has not been the fault of the Government that the time devoted to the Bill has not been properly employed; and he will in all probability turn upon the Opposition orators with a pertinent inquiry as to why, when they talked so much, they did not talk upon those points in the measure which they now declare to have been of supreme importance. The truth is that the enemies of Home Rule have overdone their parts in obstruction as well as in abuse. If they had been rather more moderate in their demands upon the time of the House, they

would not have left the Government with the splendid case it now possesses, and on which it can at any moment safely challenge the verdict of the country.

THE Duke of Devonshire's speech on Thursday is not likely to give much help to the Tory cause. Few things have been more striking than the decline of the Duke, not only in political importance, but in ability, since his removal from the House of Commons. In his laboured harangue to the Otley Unionists there was scarcely a trace of the power which he once showed in the discussion of political questions. Dull as a speaker he always was; but he could be trusted in former days to give a fairly accurate statement of facts, whilst his judgment was usually sound. On Thursday he astonished his auditors by a series of statements which, to speak with a strict regard to courtesy, were conspicuously inexact. They were meant to justify the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Home Rule Bill after four days' discussion. That this step will be taken by the Peers the Duke frankly informs us. And the chief reason for the rejection of the measure is that "as to four-fifths or nine-tenths of this Bill its provisions have never been discussed in the House of Commons at all." To call this astounding statement inexact is to put the matter very mildly. With all their outcry about the gag, we defy the Opposition to show that any one of the main points in the Home Rule Bill has escaped discussion in the House of Commons; whilst the statement that only one-fifth or one-tenth of the Bill has been discussed at all is simply untrue.

A WELL-KNOWN resident in the district in which the Duke spoke attempted to reply to his unfair and misleading statements regarding the Closure, and was promptly gagged himself—an amusing commentary on the Duke's expression of thankfulness that public meetings were still free! It could hardly have been necessary, however, for this gentleman to controvert the absurdities and inaccuracies of the Duke's speech. Perhaps the worst feature of that speech, as marking the mental decadence of the Duke of Devonshire since he ceased to be a Liberal, was the outburst of terror as to what may lie in the future, in which he indulged. He positively believes that because the closure has been used in the House of Commons, there is a real danger of an attempt being made to interfere with the liberty of the press and of public meeting. In other words, the Duke of Devonshire, once the titular leader of the Liberal party, is taking his place among those timid noblemen who shrink in affright from any change, however necessary, and who believe that to yield to any demand for reform, however just, will be to open the door to the revolution. It is sad to find that the head of the Cavendishes has sunk to this.

WE felt compelled to speak elsewhere regarding a correspondence now appearing in the *Daily Chronicle* which seems to us to be singularly unhappy in its inception. Surely there are a sufficient number of social topics of interest that can be discussed during the Silly Season, without injury to anybody, to make it unnecessary to open the pages of a daily newspaper to the public discussion of such a topic as the justifiableness of suicide. If everybody was thoroughly sane upon this, as upon all other subjects, the editor might perhaps open his columns without danger to a discussion of this kind. But considering the number of excitable people amongst us, and considering, also, the fact that suicide is so frequently associated with mental weakness, we certainly think that the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* might have found a better subject than that which he has chosen for the autumn delectation of his readers. We are glad to find that the correspondence has now been brought to a conclusion.

THERE has been an amusing correspondence in the *Times* during the past week on the subject of misused words. Perhaps its most striking feature has been the fact that nearly all those who have taken part in it have laid themselves open to rebuke for their own blunders in the use of the English language. But not one of the ingenious persons who have been correcting the popular errors of the day has touched upon the most odious as well as the most common instance of a misused word of which the present generation has to complain. This is the employment of "fatality" when a fatal accident is meant. There is hardly a newspaper in the country in which we have not read during the past week of "drowning fatalities," "sad fatality at the seaside," "shocking fatality on the railway," and so forth. It is a reporter's form of error; perchance also a sub-editor's. If a heavy fine were imposed upon the newspaper sinning in this matter something might be done to prevent the continuance of a grievous error.

It is undesirable, for many reasons, that appointments in the army or the Indian Civil Service should again become the monopoly of a special class. Moreover, on educational grounds alone, there are obvious objections to a system of preparation so devised as to perpetuate the present deficiencies in the instruction offered by the great English public schools. Attempts were made, however, under the last Tory Government, to adjust the examinations to the somewhat narrow requirements of that instruction—which, it need hardly be said, implies that the mass of our officers will remain very much below those of any of the great Continental armies in technical knowledge. There was never a period in history when technical military knowledge was so urgently required or any inferiority in it so dangerous. It is well, therefore, that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has seriously taken the matter in hand, and that a Departmental Committee containing members of Parliament of high authority in the educational world is now sitting to revise the examination regulations in such a way as will secure a better preparation among candidates for the special work of their lives. Here is another of the services of which we owe so many to the energy of the present Government. Legislation is blocked by a factious Opposition; but they are determined to secure administrative reforms. It reflects great credit on Mr. Campbell-Bannerman that he should have ventured to take in hand an important educational reform against a considerable weight of opinion on the part of the public schools.

IN connection with this subject, Mr. Walter Wren—chief of unendowed teachers—has issued an extremely amusing and effective pamphlet, criticising the present regulations, and attacking his old antagonists, the headmasters, for manipulating them so as to suit their own convenience. We entirely agree with most of his contentions: for instance, that Greek and Latin should be optional subjects; that the history studied should be military history; that the mathematics demanded should be much more advanced; and that the qualifying examination should involve something more than "baby Latin and baby algebra."

AT the same time, there is this to be said for the headmasters—that, as public schools are, this raising of the standard may mean specialisation before most boys get there at all. Now it is not desirable, as a rule, that boys should choose their career at 12 or 13. Naval cadets and apprentices in the mercantile marine have to do this, and often regret their mistake for the rest of their lives. And we do not expect a "speeding-up" of instruction in public schools. Moreover, Mr. Wren is too severe on the headmasters for neglecting to get their boys taught colloquial French. Mr. Wren only wants two or

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three French teachers at most, and can command the market. A headmaster cannot, and the supply of really capable French teachers is very scanty indeed. Colloquial French of a certain kind has really been learnt, if not taught, at one or two schools that we know of. But that was because the French master was more than ordinarily incompetent to teach, and therefore rather encouraged disorder in school hours, provided the language in which it was conducted professed to be French.

THE death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg not only deprives the Queen of a very near relative, the brother of the late Prince Consort, but removes one of the most interesting figures in Central European politics. The part which Duke Ernst played in connection with the history of Germany during the last thirty or forty years was a very remarkable one, to which full justice has not yet been done by the public. But it was his early connection with England through the marriage of his brother to our Queen that made him chiefly noticeable in English eyes. An estrangement of some sort seemed to have divided him of late from the English Royal family, but there was a time when he was one of the trusted counsellors of the Queen, sharing with the late King of the Belgians, in her confidence. The early sketches of him which appear in the Life of the Prince Consort, in the pages of Baron Stockmar, as well as his own memoirs, show that he was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, as well as of a strong sense of duty.

ONE result of the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg is the removal of the Duke of Edinburgh from his place in English society and the English naval service. His Royal Highness has succeeded to the dukedom of his uncle, and must henceforth figure in the *Almanach de Gotha*, not as an English admiral, but as a German reigning prince. We believe that the loss the country thus sustains will be severely felt by the Navy. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have for some years past practically ceased to belong to London society—and we are inclined to think that the loss has been that of society rather than of the Duke and Duchess. But though they have thus passed out of the social life of this country, the Duke has continued to show extreme devotion to his profession, and has won for himself an almost unprecedented popularity with all classes and ranks in the service. An exceedingly able officer, he has had the faculty of winning the warm regard of those who were brought in contact with him in the discharge of their duties. His personal characteristics—strangely unlike those with which lying rumour has credited him—have endeared him to a wide circle of friends, and it is with real regret that the service sees him removed from a work of which he was an ornament, even though it be to take up the dignified position of a reigning German Duke.

A NOTABLE feature of the French elections, with the general result of which we deal elsewhere, is the disappearance of Monarchism in the remoter agricultural districts, where it might naturally have been expected to linger on. Its strength is now chiefly in parts of Normandy and Brittany—a fact sufficiently explained by the long connection of leading Orleanists with parts of the one province, and the influence of the old Legitimist nobility on the other. But the "Rallied" converts to Republicanism have fared ill. Even the combination of forces of which something

was lately heard in the Basque districts has not helped them much there.

THE difficulties in the revision of the Belgian Constitution have entered on a new and more serious phase. The scheme of the Senate for its own reform, which we noticed last week, has failed to secure the necessary majority of the Chamber on the ground that the property qualification required for three-fourths of the senators is far too high; and an amendment moved by M. Huysmans, abolishing the property qualification altogether, was supported by both sections of the Left and rejected only by a small majority. Hereupon the Chamber adjourned until September, leaving the new Constitution in too fragmentary a condition for that formal promulgation by the Crown which is requisite to render it valid. Unless, however, the Constitution is promulgated very soon, there will be no time for the registration of the new electorate which will be necessary if the general election is to take place, as was intended, in June next. To complete the confusion, the Ministry meditates resignation. Should it retire—a Liberal Ministry being out of the question, as the Liberals are in a minority and hopelessly divided, and a dissolution under present conditions is impracticable—a coalition Ministry may be formed under M. de Lantsheere, the President of the Chamber, whose emphatic support of M. Huysmans' amendment has occasioned some surprise. The next move, however, rests with the Senate. But that body probably thinks it has gone far enough in opening one-fourth of its seats to merit unadorned by wealth.

THE lamentable conflict between French and Italian workmen—casual labourers drawn apparently from much the same classes as English hop-pickers—at the salt-pans of Aigues Mortes has had an unexpected and unfortunate effect on the European situation. In itself it is probably little more than a repetition on a more serious scale of the conflict between French and Belgian miners last autumn, and between Italian and Swiss workmen at Berne some two months ago. The Italian immigrant labourers who swarm over Southern Europe have an incredibly low standard of living, and effectually displace the native workmen in the country of their temporary sojourn. It is not clear that this was the case at Aigues Mortes. At any rate, hostilities broke out, and a temporary success of the Italians on Wednesday week was avenged next day with terrible effect. Popular feeling in the district ran strongly against the Italians, and the action of the local authorities in delaying medical aid to the wounded, and issuing a proclamation offensive to Italian sentiment, provoked serious attacks on the French Embassy at Rome, the French Consulate in several towns, and the property of French subjects at Genoa. Moreover, demonstrations against the French have been held in most of the large towns throughout Italy and Sicily, and the rioting in Naples, as well as in Rome, has been serious.

THE two Governments, it is fair to say, have done what they could to allay the strife. Explanations and apologies have been exchanged; neglectful or contumacious officials in both countries have been dismissed; in Italy the Anarchists who have been fomenting the disturbances there have been arrested; and, except as to the causes of the struggle at Aigues Mortes itself, the incident is officially declared to be at an end. But the affair is to be regretted by all who regard the welfare of Italy and the peace of Europe. For years it has been clear that, from an economic point of view at any rate, it was urgently desirable for Italy to effect a *rapprochement* with France—formerly the source whence she derived much of her capital—

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

and a modification of her position in the Triple Alliance, which is steadily bringing her nearer to national bankruptcy. Now, it seems that the popular hatred of France which Signor Crispi has done so much to encourage is unabated, and that the masses are ready to fling themselves into the arms of Germany and Austria. The Prince of Naples is to be present at the German military manoeuvres in Lorraine—a fact which has called out some unfavourable comment in France. But the division between the French and Italian peoples which a riot among a couple of hundred unskilled labourers in a forgotten corner of France has sufficed to provoke, is incomparably more significant both as to the European situation and as to the immediate dangers to the economic welfare of Italy itself. The Socialists and Anarchists, it seems, have exploited Italian feeling for their own purposes. The result may prove an unpleasant surprise to them.

IN Switzerland the alliance of humanitarians and Anti-Semites triumphed on Sunday, after all. By about 195,000 votes to 120,000, and eleven and a half cantons to ten and a half, the Swiss nation has decided to require the Federal Council to add a new clause to the Constitution, prohibiting the bleeding of cattle intended for slaughter unless they have been previously stunned. As there are only about nine thousand Jews in Switzerland, and only three or four places in which they form the majority of the population (Avenches, near the Lake of Neuchâtel, noted for its Roman remains, is the best known of these), there would seem to be little occasion for anti-Semitism. However, the large German cantons were so strongly in favour of the proposal that there was little doubt of its obtaining a majority of votes. In the canton of Zürich, for instance, it was carried by about six to one; in Berne by nearly four to one; in Aargau by over ten to one. But a majority of cantons as well as of votes was required for its adoption; and a very small alteration in the numbers in certain cantons would have made all the difference. The Catholic cantons and French Switzerland were generally adverse to the proposal. The Valais rejected it by about eighteen to one; Geneva by six to one. The occasion is interesting, partly as an instance of the tendency, noted by Mr. Bryce in dealing with State legislation in America, to overload written Constitutions with detail; mainly as the first trial of the most direct kind of democratic legislation known in modern times in national, as contrasted with local, affairs. It is a pity it was not in a worthier cause. To be consistent, the Swiss people ought to insert in their Constitution clauses prohibiting other kinds of cruelty, including vivisection without anæsthetics.

THE riots in Prague on the *fête* day of the Emperor of Austria show that the situation in Bohemia is growing more and more serious. Never before has there been a distinct manifestation of feeling against the dynasty, or against the person of the Emperor; and the public expressions of anti-German feeling have been made through the ordinary organs—the Landtag, public meetings, and the Young Czech press. Moreover, the agitation for universal suffrage, which seems gaining force in Austria, will, if it is successful, create a "Czech vote" outside Bohemia. In the face of all this we have the leader of the German Liberals, Herr von Plener, complaining that the Government is not sufficiently active in overriding the constitutionally expressed wishes of the Bohemian Landtag. That is hardly the way to deal with an agitation so powerful and so threatening as the Young Czech movement in Bohemia has proved itself to be.

THE fears of a serious cholera epidemic in Central and Western Europe have been somewhat aggra-

vated this week by the reports from infected countries. In Russia the disease is increasing, though, considering the habits of life of the Russian mujik, the number of cases reported is not large. In Galicia, at last, it is decreasing. It had reached the country partly from Russia directly, and partly from the county of Marmaros, in Hungary, where there is a settlement of immigrant Russian Jews. To judge from the accounts furnished by the Viennese physician who has visited the latter district at the instance of the *Daily News*, the habits of the natives had made it only too probable that the disease would take a firm hold of them. Vienna is still free; but there are a few cases at Naples and at Rome, two or three are reported from various points in Germany, and from Rotterdam, and there have been some suspicious cases in London. None of these, however, are known to be of the Asiatic type, and one at least has been proved to have had nothing to do with cholera at all.

THE revolution in Argentina has spread to Corrientes, where it appears to have been entirely successful. In San Luis and Santa Fé, Federal intervention has taken place—not, however, under conditions so favourable to the insurgents as in the province of Buenos Ayres. The present Ministry appears to rest upon a coalition of the Union Civica and the so-called Nationalist party—in other words, between the supporters of General Mitre and of General Roca; and it is the latter, be it remembered, that furnished the *personnel* of the corrupt Celman régime, against survivals of which in the Provincial Governments the present movements are apparently directed. It cannot be said, therefore, that the prospect of a permanent settlement is altogether satisfactory. But the Stock Exchange seems to realise that the financial welfare of a country with such vast natural resources as Argentina is not necessarily bound up with its politics.

PROFESSOR JEBB has published in pamphlet form the lecture on "The Work of the Universities for the Nation: Past and Present," with which he welcomed the Extension students to Cambridge on the last Saturday of last month. It is a brilliant general sketch of the history of the relation of the Universities to the nation from the time when they rose "in a spontaneous and enthusiastic desire for knowledge" down to the present day, when they aspire to be "mother cities of intellectual colonies" throughout the land. In dealing with the mediæval university, the importance attached to Dialectic as a key to the right understanding of theology, and the collapse of the intellectual impulse of scholasticism with the fall of Wyclif, Professor Jebb is on interesting, but well-known, ground. He has more opportunity for originality when he points out how the rise of the Colleges sheltered and facilitated the new learning which was the product of the Renaissance and as much suspected by theologians as new doctrine always is. And he makes an effective defence of the Universities in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when they produced a brilliant series of scientific men, theologians, and scholars, and when Cambridge, at any rate, despite the want of intellectual stimulus in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, set her own house in order, and made mathematics chief among her studies.

At present there is not much fear that the Universities—except now and then in politics—will get out of touch with the nation at large. But it is eminently desirable that their influence on its intellectual life, of which the Extension system is the distributing agency, should be increased and made permanent; and here, at any rate, we may look to State aid without incurring the charge of Socialism.

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MR. ABEL HEYWOOD, the head of the OBITUARY. well-known firm of publishers at Manchester, had been a notable champion of the liberty of printing in the days when opposition to the taxes on knowledge was associated with Secularism and Chartism, and had been until his death an active and valued member of the municipality of his city. Mr. Alexander Crum had represented Renfrewshire in Parliament as a Liberal from 1880 to 1885. The Rev. F. Barham Zincke was well-known as a genial and popular writer on many subjects. He was one of the few Anglican clergy who are decided Liberals, and had long been a pillar of the Liberal cause in Suffolk, especially in the constituency of his stepson, Mr. F. S. Stevenson. The Rev. Robert Macdonald, D.D., formerly of Blairgowrie, and the Rev. David Thorburn, D.D., of South Leith, were distinguished ministers of the Free Kirk of Scotland; the former especially had a considerable reputation as a preacher, and had done much for the financial welfare of his Church at its outset. Herr Achilles Thommen was a Swiss by birth, who had risen to a high position in the Austrian public service, and enjoyed a great reputation as a railway engineer. To the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha we refer elsewhere.

THE CHAMBERLAIN FIASCO.

IT is difficult to account for a catastrophe so complete as that which befell Mr. Chamberlain at the beginning of the present week. The only reasonable mode of explanation that occurs is founded on the familiar saw of the Ancients—whom the gods wish to destroy they first deprive of reason. Mr. Chamberlain is a very clever man and an exceedingly adroit tactician. He has more than the common share of personal vanity, and he hates, above everything else, being made ridiculous. He is very ambitious, and cannot bear to let a rival get an advantage over him. He is extraordinarily vindictive, and his chief object in life at present is to do some injury to Mr. Gladstone. Yet, despite all these well-established facts, the Member for West Birmingham has not only deliberately brought himself into the middle of the most ridiculous political fiasco of the year, but has given valuable assistance to Mr. Gladstone in the prosecution of the Home Rule Bill. As if this were not enough, he has at the same time enabled his rival, Mr. Balfour, to get far ahead of him in the leadership of the Unionist party, whilst he has himself had to submit to as severe a snubbing from that party as a statesman could well have received. How has it all come about? Men asked themselves this question wondering last Monday when Mr. Chamberlain was making a clever, malignant speech amid the mocking jeers of his opponents and the chilling silence of his friends. How had the Brummagem artillery, with which the leader of the Liberal Unionists had so frequently made good play on former occasions, suddenly become absolutely ineffective? Had Mr. Chamberlain at last been found out? or was it that the temper of Parliament had undergone a change which made it unequal to the acceptance of his barbed and poisoned invective? We are afraid that we cannot answer either of these questions in the affirmative. The general temper of the Tory party has not changed; nor, we imagine, has that party learned anything about Mr. Chamberlain which it did not know before. All that has happened is that Mr. Chamberlain himself has allowed his colossal self-conceit to lead him into the committal of one of those irretrievable blunders which are fatal even to the greatest reputations.

How it all came about, in fact, was partly shown in these pages last week, when we ventured to speak

out regarding the avowed tactics of the Opposition. Perhaps we were wrong in ascribing to the Opposition as a whole the policy which certain of their number had publicly proclaimed. It may be that we ought not to have included Mr. Balfour in the same condemnation as Mr. Chamberlain. On Monday evening, when the dispirited Tory host withdrew beaten from the fray, Mr. Balfour seemed particularly anxious to let the world understand that he was not responsible for the tactics which had brought defeat upon them. It is just possible, therefore, that the initial blunder which made defeat inevitable was Mr. Chamberlain's alone, and that Mr. Balfour had no share in it. Our readers will remember what that blunder was. For some reason which would be wholly incomprehensible in a man of less inordinate vanity, Mr. Chamberlain had seen fit to reveal his proposed plan of campaign to certain journalists. The political correspondent of the *Times* made it known through the pages of that journal, and the announcement was confirmed in the Birmingham newspaper which apparently lives for the purpose of trumpeting the praises and revealing the mind of its local prophet. The purport of the revelation was clear and simple. Mr. Chamberlain wished to compel Ministers to closure the Report stage of the Home Rule Bill, as well as Supply, and he therefore meant to carry on the Parliamentary crime of obstruction upon a scale of unprecedented magnitude. This was the announcement made in journals which are known to be devoted to his interests, and it was apparently made on the highest possible authority. Why Mr. Chamberlain should thus have seen fit to take the reporters into his confidence we do not pretend to say; for even a dull person could perceive at once that this little bit of self-glorification on the part of the Member for West Birmingham was, to say the least of it, extremely indiscreet. At that moment the Cabinet had not quite made up its mind as to the necessity of using the Closure on the Report stage of the Home Rule Bill. Ministers still hoped that some kind of reason would be displayed by their opponents in their mode of discussing the measure in this stage. But to be forewarned by Mr. Chamberlain in this unmistakable fashion was to be forearmed. Mr. Chamberlain had declared that he wanted the Closure, and that he was determined to force Ministers to apply it. That being so, it was obviously to the interest of the Government to use the Closure as soon as possible. Seeing that it was undoubtedly in the power of their opponent to make its use inevitable, there was really no object in wasting time before accepting the challenge he had thrown down. Accordingly at their meetings on Thursday and Friday of last week Ministers took the advice which we amongst others had ventured to tender them, and on Friday they announced that they would ask the House to bring the Report stage of the Bill to a conclusion last night. Thereupon Mr. Chamberlain made his second blunder, and a truly ridiculous one it was. Forgetting the announcements of his determination to compel Ministers to use the Closure which had gone forth through his accredited organs in the Press, he sprang to his feet when Mr. Gladstone sat down, and, with the best imitation of a towering rage of which he was capable at the moment, gave notice of a resolution in which the pent-up indignation that filled his bosom at the contemplation of this outrage upon the liberties of Parliament was allowed free play. The action of the Government was denounced as arbitrary, tyrannical, revolutionary, and so forth, and the Queen was called upon at once to dissolve Parliament and thus put an end to Gladstonian absolutism. What

a pity it was that Mr. Chamberlain had himself spiked this formidable gun by allowing himself to be interviewed by the Press! Having unmasked his battery in the *Times* and the *Birmingham Post*, however, he could hardly expect that his opponents would quietly allow themselves to be caught within range of his fire.

And so on Monday, when the Vote of No Confidence, mutilated it is true by the stern hand of the Speaker, was proposed by Mr. Chamberlain, he found that there was literally nobody in the House of Commons who cared a brass button about it, or about the speech in which he supported it. Even the Ashmead Bartletts and Radcliffe Cookes, the Bowleses and Boltions, who seized the opportunity of airing their eloquence, paid no attention to the unfortunate mover of the resolution, and before the debate closed he was ruthlessly thrown over by Mr. Balfour. The fact was that Mr. Chamberlain's third and greatest mistake was in insisting upon moving this resolution himself. He was the last man in the House of Commons who ought to have done so; for it unfortunately happens that he has a record of his own on the question of "the gag" which is not calculated to help him when he is inveighing against the use of that weapon. It is barely three years, indeed, since he himself set forth a series of propositions for extending the use of the Closure in the House of Commons, so comprehensive and far-reaching in their character that nothing proposed by Mr. Gladstone will bear comparison with them. Sir William Harcourt had the easiest of all possible tasks when he preached Mr. Chamberlain's old sermon against Mr. Chamberlain himself. Even the Tories could hardly refrain from cheers and laughter as the Chancellor of the Exchequer made point after point out of Mr. Chamberlain's writings against that gentleman's speech. It was only on the bench devoted to Birmingham and its leader that there was a painful silence as the local hero was thus uncompromisingly demolished. And so ended, in disaster the most complete and humiliation the most bitter, the gallant attempt of the Member for West Birmingham to turn the gag which he had compelled Ministers to use into a weapon against them. And the fiasco was chiefly due to Mr. Chamberlain's own mistakes. Pride has had many a fall before, but few assuredly so great as this.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS—AND AFTER.

BEFORE another week has passed the Government of Ireland Bill will have left the House of Commons and will have gone to another place. We are approaching a very important stage in the progress of the Home Rule movement, and an even more critical epoch in the history of the House of Lords. Nine years have come and gone since the last great conflict between the peers and the people. On the 3rd of August, 1880, the House of Lords rejected by 282 votes against 51 the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, a small measure designed to give the Irish tenantry a slight and temporary relief from capricious eviction. In the following August, so great was the impetus given to the land agitation by their action, they were forced to consent to a measure giving to the Irish tenantry permanent fixity of tenure, fair rents, and free sale—in fact, a share in the ownership of the soil. On the 6th of July, 1884, the House of Lords rejected by 205 votes against 146 the County Franchise Bill. Turmoil arose in the country, and in the following November they were compelled to assent to the extension of the franchise, only covering their retreat by a so-

called compromise which gave to the Democratic party, in addition to the franchise, that system of single-membered constituencies which had long been the ideal of Radicals. Cowed, perhaps, by these two successive defeats, influenced partly by the fact that a Conservative Government was in office, the Lords have not since given any serious trouble. But they have not reformed themselves. They remain to-day, as they were in 1880 and 1883, the representatives only of the most reactionary section of the landed class—the class which has during the intervening years lost the predominance which it once enjoyed in the Conservative party in the House of Commons. If the Duke of Devonshire speaks truly, this narrow, bigoted, and exclusive chamber of antiquated reactionaries intends once more to face the representatives of the people, and to refuse its assent to a reform which was approved by the country after seven years of determined controversy, and which has been passed by the House of Commons after a consideration careful and prolonged beyond any other in our legislative records. If this be so, we are ready for the fight. We have behind us a party which has never yet failed to achieve any task to which it seriously set its hand. We have in front of us a foe which has never yet succeeded in any conflict. The world must indeed have ceased to revolve in its accustomed orbit if the House of Lords can triumph over the Liberal party.

Yet though we are ready for the fight, we would fain ask the foe to pause. Narrow and bitter though most of them are, there must be peers who are Conservative in a wider sense, and who would forbear to rush headlong to a disaster which can only end in the loss of the privileges of their order and the pruning of the property of their class. The Bill we send them is no wild measure of revolution. It is a Home Rule Bill, but it is cautious and temperate, hedged round with every conceivable safeguard which moderate statesmanship could suggest. If the Lords force us once more to consult the country on the question, they may not look upon its like again. The second chamber, with a high property qualification, the temporary reservation of the land, police, and judiciary, the drastic extracts from the essentially anti-Socialistic constitution of the United States, are all things which British Radicals have assented to, not because they think them necessary, not because they like them, but because they wish to conciliate the body of opinion opposed to Home Rule. Most Liberals believe that the continued effective supremacy of the Imperial Parliament is by itself a sufficient protection. Resistance by the House of Lords, instead of forcing the Liberal party to a compromise, irritates it into thoroughness. Now is the time for compromise. If we are once in the fight we will go through with it.

And if there be any peers who hug to their bosoms the fond delusion that they can keep the Home Rule Bill as a buffer against the British electors who are clamouring for British reform, we ask them, Do they take us for fools? Do they really suppose that the Government intend, session after session, to allow the whole time of the House of Commons to be taken up in discussing the details of a Bill which the Lords will throw out in a single night in the autumn—a veritable Penelope's web of legislation? Penelope's suitors were probably persons of very moderate intelligence, or they would not have been put off by so thin a device. Our supporters are not inclined to wait, and we do not intend to keep them waiting. Even during the present session we shall send to the House of Lords several measures of first-class importance which they dare not throw out. The Employers' Liability Bill will be passed. The Equalisation of Rates Bill, which will lessen the rates in the East End at the expense of

St. George's and the City, will be passed. And we have good hopes for the Parish Councils Bill, which will set up in every parish a power greater than the parson and the squire. A Bill limiting the hours of labour of railway servants has already been passed. The harvest is a little short this year, but the grain is sound, and the flour is in unusually large proportion to the chaff. The Home Rule buffer is evidently not an absolute buffer at best. It is not altogether Bill-proof.

But next session we must do even better. It is clear that if the Government pursue precisely the same tactics next session as they have done this, we cannot do better. The conduct of the Opposition has made some things abundantly plain. The active force in their campaign is not Mr. Balfour, who is a statesman with some conception, however mistaken, of duty to his country, but Mr. Chamberlain, who is a disappointed adventurer with no conception of duty to any human creature but himself. Under this guerilla leadership their only object is to waste time, to harry the Government. They add absolutely nothing to the wisdom of Parliament. They have no thought of improving the Bill or of arriving at any compromise on its details. One cannot hope, therefore, that the Home Rule Bill would be any the better for passing once more through the House of Commons. It would either pass unamended or marred by the unwary acceptance of amendments designed to destroy the Bill, while ninety days of precious time (about two-thirds of the ordinary session) would have been consumed in useless talk. Why, then, pass it again through the House of Commons? When next January comes round, there will be no doubt of the continued confidence of the House of Commons in the policy embodied in this year's Bill. If there be any doubt felt, it can be removed by a resolution. Let the Bill then be introduced in the House of Lords in the same form in which it is rejected by them this autumn. In the meantime the House of Commons can be at work preparing the way for the inevitable appeal to the country.

We do not claim to speak with authority in putting forward this plan of campaign. Indeed, when something of the same sort was recently alleged by the *Times* to be contemplated by the Government, a more or less authoritative denial was published. It would be obviously improper for the Government to publicly formulate a scheme of policy based on the hypothesis that the House of Lords intends to court destruction by throwing out the Home Rule Bill. But we believe we voice the considered opinion of most thoughtful Liberals. Nor can we doubt that the Irish parties, with the keen electoral instinct of their race, will see the necessity for some such policy. They may be assured that their allies do not intend to deceive them, or to remove Home Rule from the place which it now occupies in the forefront of the party programme. And if they ask us for a pledge, other than mere words, of our earnest straightforwardness, the best pledge we can give them will be this:—In settling the precedence of British measures for next session the Government will choose those which will serve the allied parties best in the great fight against the Lords. They will especially push forward with electoral reform. It is an open secret that Mr. Fowler's Registration Bill was framed moderately—some think too moderately—so as to secure general support. In the present temper of the Opposition no such support is forthcoming. The new Bill must therefore be a fighting Bill, and not a compromise Bill. It must make every lodger a voter, so that every man with a home, however humble, will be able to record his vote against the House of Lords and in favour of Home Rule. And it must be

accompanied by the other measures of electoral reform contained in the Newcastle programme.

THE COURSE OF THE COAL STRIKE.

AS we write, the greatest strike on record is visibly approaching its end—not from any action on the part of the masters, from any triumph of organised capital over less organised labour, or, as at one time seemed likely, from pressure on the part of the trades that cannot work without cheap coal, but simply and solely from disorganisation and disunion among the men themselves. The Northumberland men, whose connection with the Federation is recent and loose, have not come out at all. The Durham men have refused to strike, and have therefore been compelled to retire from the Federation. Scotch miners are working (at slightly advanced wages, it is true), and thereby increasing the difficulties of their fellows in the Midlands. American coal has definitely come into use on the great transatlantic liners, and perhaps has come to stay; and German and Belgian coal has, for the first time in history, been seriously in competition with English for the supply of our mercantile marine in the Far East. But the death-blow to the strike has been given by the events in Wales. From the first it has been clear that the Welsh miners and the hauliers—technically, at any rate—were wrong. The former had thrown over their sliding scale, and both classes had broken their specific contracts of service. But they were not unanimous, and their divisions have done more than anything else to kill the strike. For a day or two, indeed, it seemed as if we had suddenly reverted to a much earlier and more barbarous stage of industrial warfare than that which is now usually averted by sliding scales and settled by arbitration. But the attempted invasions of Ebbw Vale have resulted in the complete repulse of the invading force. The threatened night march of Sunday or Monday was postponed till Tuesday, and then was a miserable fiasco. It is partly ludicrous and partly pathetic, that account of the little band that marched by night on Ebbw Vale, accompanied by a chief constable sending on notice of their approach in advance; how everywhere they found preparations against disorder; how, at last, the majority of those who were still faithful declined to cross two mountains to reach their goal; and how a miserable, drenched, exhausted remnant straggled on to beg bread in the early morning among the people they had come to subdue. The march on Swansea on Wednesday was less uncomfortable, but, owing to the action of the authorities, quite as fruitless. Object-lessons of that kind are the most effectual of all means to destroy the public sympathy, without which no great strike can possibly succeed. The South Wales strikers are still standing out, and more disorder is likely both there and in the Midlands, and the distress is becoming acute. But there can be no doubt as to the ultimate result.

As matters stand, then, the Midlands are almost alone. The Miners' Federation has made propositions which, though they involve a certain amount of concession, will probably not be entertained, and its chief supporters will presently be driven back to work by the competition of the seceders from their league. The weather itself, too, has fought against the providers of house coal. We are not surprised at the result; and we cannot affect to regret it. A vast coal strike is the greatest of all dangers to the just claims of all other labour in England and to the manufacturing supremacy which—

pace the Fair Traders—is not at all likely to disappear just yet. We have no State mines, as in Germany, which might be made into models of scientific and harmonious working, and stand apart in an emergency from the ordinary disputes of masters and men. The vast organisation of workers contemplated, but not yet secured, by the Miners' Federation might make common cause with the employers—normally in a conspiracy, as Adam Smith remarked, to keep up prices, and usually much better organised than their men—and so raise prices at the expense of the general public. The Miners' Federation openly avows that prices ought to depend on wages. It is whispered that there have been indications in South Wales that a combination of the kind has almost been formed. Such a combination is Protectionism, naked and unashamed. If coalowners and workmen may combine to raise profits and earnings at the expense of the general public, why may not landowners, farmers, and labourers combine to raise the price of agricultural produce in the only effectual way—by cutting off foreign competition with the help of the State? In coal it so happens that we are the largest holders, and therefore nearly, but not quite, control the markets of the world. But this does not give the producers the moral right to combine to demand monopoly prices, and to cripple industry as it is being crippled in Scotland, and would be crippled if the miners had had their way in South Wales. In an unexampled depression of trade like the present the miners must take their share of the general misfortunes. We cannot have the new spirit of ethical reform which the growth of Socialism in the widest sense is to bring about allotted to the use of employers alone, or so diffused among the workmen as to leave only the miners uncleaned.

At the same time we admit, as we have before admitted, that much remains to be said on both sides. Mr. Ben Tillett, for instance, has given the explanation in the *Westminster Gazette* of Monday why the miners' representatives refused arbitration. They had no authority, he says, to accept it without full inquiry as to the wishes of the men, and the masters refused to give the details which would have made the inquiry possible. They only gave vague generalities. But the statements of the men, and of Mr. Ben Tillett himself, have been equally vague and more rhetorical. If labour disputes—as the best friends of industrial peace desire—are to be simply conducted as a business affair between employers and employed, there is no room for rhetoric, or demonstrations, or night marches, or public sympathy. If all these things are to remain to support the cause of the employed, the public must be enabled to judge of the facts.

It is significant that the present crisis has produced a sudden revival of interest in Conservative circles in the Labour Disputes Bill which was introduced by the Government long ago, and has been persistently blocked ever since by Conservative members, in particular by Sir John Gorst. We do not know what share obstructive tendencies have had in producing this revival of interest. But we hope it will bear fruit. The Labour Commission has done nothing but issue a number of excellent blue-books and digests containing valuable information which does not bear directly on the present dispute. The machinery provided by the Bill would at least have enabled the public to form a judgment as to the rights of the case, and brought public opinion to bear (as in the dockers' strike) on whichever side was visibly in the wrong. The struggle is nearly over now, but the men mean to renew it at an early date—when the Miners' Federation is reorganised. By that time, if the Ministry

had their way, a tribunal could be formed, which, if it did not put an end to the difficulty directly, might at least do so indirectly by the pressure of public opinion. But, in the present temper of the Opposition, we suppose we shall have to wait for that tribunal until after the next General Election.

LEGAL REFORM IN EXTREMIS.

WHAT has become of legal reform, once a not unimportant part of the Liberal programme? The overworked House of Commons has had no time this Session to think of it. The Ministers have, one and all, done their best to legislate for their own departments. To the exceptional character of the Session, and not want of goodwill on their part, is due any failure in their performance. But in the House of Lords, where is plenty of leisure, what has been done? The answer does not bear out the notion that the House of Lords is invaluable for promoting measures not likely to command popular support, or convince one that it is well the Minister of Justice, unlike the heads of other departments of State, should always be in that House. Little has been done, little attempted. To be sure, there are a few remanets from last Session; such as the Bill for consolidating the law as to the sale of goods. The House of Lords has read a third time a Bill intended to facilitate the framing of new Rules of Court. It suggests a few useful changes—e.g., it restricts the present almost boundless right of appeal in interlocutory matters. But, as a whole, it is timid and limited. It passes by many pressing difficulties; it is a confession of inability to cut or untie the real knots; and the rules made under it are likely to be much less useful than the decision to establish in London a central County Court wherein may be tried cases "remitted" from the High Court. There was an excellent opportunity for dealing in a comprehensive fashion with the whole system of our Judicature and basing it on rational lines. The opportunity is not to be used. We are to have one more addition to the many peddling measures of law reform which encumber the Statute Book without benefiting the public. Before the House of Lords has been one really valuable measure—the Land Transfer Bill. But it is to be feared that, having only just reached the House of Commons, it will not come safely into port. It is not all that could be wished. It is framed in too timid a spirit. It does not say in clear terms, "On and after such a day registration of title on sale to land shall be compulsory." It merely authorises the issuing of an Order-in-Council declaring that this shall be done in particular districts. Still it is, in the main, what reformers have long desired. It is an attempt to get rid of the cumbrous system of conveyancing which, for the profit of a class, has been continued long after it had been condemned. The Bill gives power to require registration of title on Sale. It creates a fund for compensation in cases—pretty sure to be rare—where an error is made in the register, or a wrong entry is procured by fraud. It provides for the devolution of the real estate to the personal representative. Above all, it recognises the principle that a merely "possessory title" may at any time be registered. We should have been glad to see in the Bill evidence of greater faith in the principle of registration of title. But the virulence of the attacks upon it by people interested in the maintenance of the present system is one of the best proofs that it will not be entirely useless, if the efforts before which Lord Halsbury bowed be not too much for Lord

Herschell. But he needs much more support than he is getting, if he is to stand firm against pressure not the less strong because insidious and indirect.

In the proceedings of the Incorporated Law Society, the annual addresses of their Presidents and the reports of their Committees for some years back, there has been ample evidence of their dread of such a measure becoming law. No pains have been spared to discredit and defeat it; and the agitation still goes on. We venture to predict that at the annual meeting this autumn the President's address will mainly consist of denunciations of this evil thing. It is to be noted, we are sorry to say, that some of the arguments used by the advocates of the profession have led astray people who ought to know better. Many excellent Liberals have come to suppose that the case for registration of title has been weakened by recent legislation. They have been silenced by such statements as this: "The cry about registration is antiquated. There might have been reason in the complaint against the present system when people could not foretell the amount of the law charges on the buying of an estate or the taking of a house. Since 1881 that grievance is gone. By turning to the rules and scales under the Solicitors' Remuneration Act, anyone may see, in form simple and concise, the legal charges upon such transactions. The statutory *ad valorem* scales have done away with this ambiguity." Have they lessened the cost of transfer? Is the lawyer's commission on sale less than it was? By no means. It is notorious that under these scales, purely routine transactions, such as a fairly intelligent clerk could see through without assistance or advice from his principal, may be loaded with heavy charges. Owing probably to the simplification of conveyancing, it is much less common than it was to consult counsel. A clerk with a moderate salary does in most solicitors' offices what a barrister once did; and even when the common forms of the office are not in point, and counsel is instructed to settle an instrument a little out of the way, his fees are not what they once were. In one case—not an extraordinary one—the solicitor's charges amounted to about seventy pounds, of which counsel's fees represented about five to ten guineas. Often, when the charges are larger, there is nothing for counsel, and the solicitor's "out of pockets" are only the stamp and a few shillings for parchment and postage. The prime cost of the solicitor's wares is generally less than it was; the cost to the public, under the statutory scales, is, we fear, greater. As is usually the case when an *ad valorem* scale payable by the public is fixed, it has been found much too high. The charges on small properties—the vendor's solicitor getting £20 per £100 up to £1,000—are a heavy tax, and the commission on large properties is generally out of proportion to the services rendered. If ever the scale be revised, care will be taken, we trust, to see that the interests of the public are better protected than they were when it was first framed. While the charges remain as they are, there is not the slightest pretence for saying that the evils which gave rise to the demand for transfer by registrations of title are at an end.

Establish a system of land transfer on the lines of the Government Bill, and there may not be at once economy; but, sooner or later, when "possessory titles" ripen, as they must by the mere lapse of time, into perfect titles, the result must be a large reduction in the costs of conveyancing. Already under the imperfect Act of 1875 there is a change for the better. During the last three years was registered a greater value of land than during the preceding fourteen years. People are beginning to discover that they can themselves, under that Act,

without legal assistance carry through a sale at a very small cost. The passing of the new measure would in a few years work a revolution in conveyancing. This the opponents of the Bill well know, and they will succeed in their attempts to defeat it unless the Liberal party wakes up to its duty in this respect. It would be lamentable if Lord Herschell's term of office were even less distinguished for legal reforms than Lord Halsbury's. But that marvellous, almost incredible, result may come to pass if the former does not get from all Liberals the moral momentum necessary to carry, in spite of interested opposition, much-needed measures of law reform.

THE NEW FRENCH CHAMBER.

SAVE for one great blot on the reputation of the electorate—which we deplore, but do not wonder at in the least—the General Election in France has turned out better than the warmest friends of the Republic had ventured to hope. There are 164 second ballots: but the general result is sufficiently clear. The one regrettable feature is that the men of Panama and M. Daniel Wilson have been elected, generally by large majorities. The fact is—as we indicated last week—that the Panama scandals have been so exploited by the avowed enemies of the Parliamentary régime as to make it seem that support of a Panamist was only an emphatic method of upholding the cause of law and order. The aims of the apostles of purity have been so obvious that the scandals have not, as it turns out, bewildered the electors, but only deafened and disgusted them. It is only natural that the reaction which has defeated MM. Delahaye and Drumont, which has driven MM. Andrieux and Paul Deroulède to retire from public life in disgust, which has endangered the redoubtable M. de Casagnac in his own stronghold, and reduced the Boulangist party from thirty-five in the last Chamber to about six in the next, should also have taken the regrettable and reprehensible form of returning MM. Rouvier and Jules Roche, for instance, by large majorities, and finally whitewashing M. Daniel Wilson. It is pleasanter to notice that M. Joseph Reinach, the innocent victim of a relationship and a name, is returned by a majority of about two to one, and that M. Clémenceau—despite his unfortunate association with Cornelius Herz and the hostility of what has been called the "one national newspaper of France"—is very likely to triumph in the Var. After all, even the most flagrant of the Panamist successes have a parallel in the history of the most respectable of American cities. For years after the War of Secession—as Mr. Bryce has told us—the aristocracy of Philadelphia supported a municipal government which was almost openly corrupt, because it happened to be Republican and Protectionist, and to vote the Democratic ticket seemed to be disloyal to party and the interests of industry, if not to the Union. Next time French politics are to be cleansed and disinfected the work had better be undertaken by men with cleaner hands, and no taint of reaction or revolution.

The general result otherwise, so far as we know it, confirms, on the whole, our forecast of last week. In some respects things are better than we had ventured to hope. Orthodox Republicanism has penetrated into some of the departments hitherto the strongest fortresses of reaction. It has captured the Ille-et-Vilaine, the Loire Inférieure, part of Finistère—but the hill country of Brittany remains Monarchist—secured fresh seats in Normandy and La Vendée, and even threatened M. Paul de Casagnac's ascendancy in the Gers. The unholy

alliance between Socialists, Boulangists, and Catholics which returned Karl Marx's cosmopolitan son-in-law, M. Pablo Lafargue, at Lille last year is broken up. He may probably be defeated at the second ballot. The revolutionary Socialists, who had been so confident, gain little or nothing. Jules Guesde, indeed, is elected in one division at Lille; but it is a gain to have an authoritative representative of the creed in the Chamber. But their most striking failure is at Carmaux, where M. Calvignac, the Socialist Mayor and occasion of the strike, is beaten by Baron Reille, the late manager of the company and the representative of capitalist tyranny, by about three to one. On the other hand, the Radicals gain somewhat, and have many of them a distinctly Socialist tinge. M. Goblet, the ex-Prime Minister, is more than half a Socialist, and his majority over M. Yves Guyot—whose book, as we said last week, though containing much that is excellent, contains also some of the weakest Individualist arguments of the Manchester School—is not the least striking item of election news. The "Rallied" converts whom the Pope has driven to the Republican fold have done less well than we thought. M. de Mun, the militant Catholic and Christian Socialist, loses his seat in Brittany; M. Pion and other leaders disappear; and it may be said generally that political considerations have triumphed over personal, which is a proof, on the whole, of the satisfactory political education of the French electorate. Faith in a creed and a system is better than faith in men.

The next Chamber, then, will contain a large majority of orderly, orthodox Republicans with a distinctly Conservative tinge, leavened probably by experienced members in a greater degree than was expected, with no very definite programme, but with a common desire for business-like procedure and useful legislation, and with a Radical-Socialist minority which will be sufficiently vociferous to give them a reason for cohesion. In such a majority it ought to be possible to find the materials for a stable body of Ministerialists. It ought also to be possible to give some consideration to the claims of the Catholics—we do not mean to repeal the laws of which they complain, but to avoid giving them further grievances, and perhaps to relax a little the rigour of the military service of seminarists. Two dangers, indeed, are inherent in the composition of this majority. It may prove more "clerical" than it seems; and, what is much worse, it may be ready to support the questionable colonial enterprises on which French financiers and some politicians, including the present Cabinet, have set their hearts, and which patriots, in France as elsewhere, are too ready to back up. Just as a great mass of worthy, solid, sober Englishmen in 1876-78 did not reprove the excesses of Jingoism or disavow Lord Beaconsfield's policy because they thought British interests were bound up with both, so it may be with the mass of the Chamber, which represents sober, propertied, bourgeois Republican France. And both for our own nation and for the peace of Europe, no less than for France herself, this may prove a very serious danger indeed.

FINANCE.

THE public, we are glad to say, have taken to heart the lessons of recent experience, and are doing little or nothing upon the Stock Exchange. There is a certain amount of investment in securities that have fallen greatly of late, but those who are buying have the means of paying for what they purchase. There is next to no speculation. This is as it should be, for it is only too likely that

the remainder of the year will be troubled and depressed. The coal strike may not end soon, trade is thrown out of gear, railway earnings are seriously falling off, and the agricultural classes are suffering from the consequences of the long drought. In Spain everyone is expecting a break-down very soon. Up to the present the Government has been enabled to pay its way by constant borrowing in France; but if money becomes scarce and dear, as is only too probable, the Paris bankers may refuse to go on lending, and if that happens there must be a crash. In Italy matters are going from bad to worse. Elsewhere there is a growing scarcity of money. The Imperial Bank of Germany and the Bank of the Netherlands have both raised their rates of discount to 5 per cent. The cholera, the bad harvests, and the political dangers ahead are all weighing heavily upon the Bourses. In India the closing of the mints has greatly checked exports, and yet has not enabled the India Council to sell its drafts at good prices. Just at first the rise in the rupee stimulated exports from Lancashire, but now it is said that orders previously given are being countermanded. In Australia there is extreme depression, and, as was to be expected, commercial firms are failing every now and then. In Argentina the political troubles continue. Apparently the Radicals on the one side and General Roca and his followers on the other are preparing for a final struggle. In the United States there are hardly any signs of improvement as yet. Of course, the large amounts of gold received from Europe have strengthened the banks, but, on the other hand, distrust is as widespread as ever. There is a high premium upon all kinds of currency, and hoarding is very general. This week it is confidently predicted that Congress will repeal the Sherman Act; but last week it was equally confidently said that it would not do so. All the statements made are little more than guesswork, and nobody can say what will ultimately be done. Wherever we look, then, we see causes of anxiety, and nowhere is there evidence of real recovery. After a while, of course, things will right themselves; but in the meantime it will be wise of investors to be very cautious how they buy.

As was generally expected, the Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. At the end of last week the withdrawals of gold for America were exceedingly large, but at the beginning of this week they fell off again, while a moderate amount of the metal was received from the Continent. Although, therefore, most discount houses and bill-brokers expected the change in the rate, some thought it likely that it would be put off for another week or two. The careful observer, however, was convinced that the Directors saw the necessity for prompt action. Of course, the step taken will not prevent withdrawals for the United States, if the great capitalists there have the means of obtaining the metal. But it may prevent loans being made here to banks, insurance companies, railway companies, and the like, and thus indirectly it may lessen the withdrawals. But the main object, no doubt, of the Bank of England is to attract gold from the Continent. The Bank of France is putting every possible obstacle in the way of those who wish to take gold from it; but if money becomes really dear here, the gold will come in the necessary amounts.

The price of silver rose on Wednesday to 34½d. per ounce, there being an exceedingly good demand for India, China, and the Straits Settlements, but declined a farthing next day. On the other hand, the India Council was unable to sell any of its bills or telegraphic transfers on Wednesday. It offered as usual 40 lakhs of rupees. The applications, however, were so small, and the prices offered so unsatisfactory, that it made no allotment. Naturally the official classes in India are urging the Council to raise a sterling loan in London for the purpose of avoiding selling its bills and transfers at low prices.

But that would be a very mistaken course, for it would add to the amount that would have to be sold next year, and so would make the position worse than ever. The wisest course is for the Council to sell at the best prices it can get. The Indian Government this week has redressed the grievances of its European servants by undertaking to allow those servants to remit money to Europe at the rate of 1s. 6d. per rupee. If the rate in the market is lower, the Government will make good the difference; but no servant can remit on those conditions more than £1,000 in one year. The servants are dissatisfied, thinking that the rate is too low; but in our opinion they will act wisely to accept without question the concession made to them.

SUICIDE AND THE PRESS.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER has been writing in the *Daily Chronicle* an *apologia* for suicide as a means of evading the payment of one's debt to the world; and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been replying to him with much earnestness of purpose and mingling of metaphors. It is not for us to say whether the correspondence in our contemporary on this old subject of controversy is spontaneous and honest, or merely an ingenious editorial attempt to "boom" another silly-season sensation. If it be the latter, then we think that the *Daily Chronicle* has done an evil service not only to the press, but to its own wide circle of readers. It is a good thing doubtless for the enterprising newspaper manager to hit upon a topic which is certain to attract that ill-informed portion of the community which goes under the name of the general public. But the aforesaid manager has certain duties to discharge to himself and to his readers that even override the necessity under which he lies of "making a hit." There are certain topics that are not suited for the weak digestion and crude imagination of the general public. There are certain restraints which every publicist who respects himself must be content to submit to, unless he wishes to become, not a blessing, but a curse to those to whom he makes his appeal. In all seriousness we say that it is not a seemly thing to get up a controversy on such a question as that of the lawfulness of suicide in a journal which has readers of every class, and which undoubtedly has among its supporters a fair proportion of those weak-minded, muddle-headed creatures who contribute so largely to the number of suicides in any given year. If, therefore, the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* has simply employed two practised writers to start a disputation upon this very grave question in order to attract readers to his paper during the sultry months of autumn, we hold that he has forgotten both the dignity and the duties of the position he fills, and that in the search for a lucky hit in journalistic sensationalism he has done a grave injury to society.

But, as we are in ignorance of the real motives of the editor, we prefer to treat the letters which he has published *à propos* of the suicide of one Ernest Clark as genuine and spontaneous productions. That being so, we are constrained to regard them as essays of more than ordinary silliness. A young man who had—to use a rough bit of American slang—"bit off more than he could chew" in the shape of mental culture, put an end to his useless life the other day in a London railway station. Before doing so he wrote a letter, distinctly intended for publication, to the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, in which he set forth his justification for the act of which he was about to be guilty. There was nothing new in this precious document, and certainly nothing that was either striking or touching. Its author manifestly believed that he had produced something very beautiful and poetical, and there can be no doubt that he relished beforehand the sensation

which the publication of his effusion would cause in the silly public mind. As a matter of fact, his letter of apology was a piece of turgid rubbish, through every line of which the writer's personal vanity obtruded itself offensively. He had not been appreciated as he deserved to be by the great outer world—the great outer world which, as a matter of fact, knew nothing of his existence—and so he had resolved to leave it, contemptuously shaking its dust from off his feet and going out into the darkness without waiting for the summons of the Master. The editor of the *Daily Chronicle* would have done well to have suppressed this foolish and mischievous document, instead of making it the peg on which to hang a score of other letters hardly less foolish, and, perhaps, still more mischievous. Mr. Ernest Clark, as every coroner and most physicians could have told the editor, was after all a suicide of the most ordinary type. There was no cry of divine despair in the artificial maunderings he emitted on the brink of the grave. There was only the evidence of a monstrous egotism and a diseased vanity. Yet has the sorry creature, by the unfortunate action of the editor of the *Chronicle*, been converted into a kind of hero, whose example will doubtless in due time be followed by others of his class. There are always amongst us a certain number of weak-minded persons whose vanity is so abnormal that they are ready to pay any price in order to create a momentary sensation or achieve a brief notoriety. What a pity it is that any class of journalists amongst us should be ready to minister to the morbid instincts of these miserable beings, and in doing so to lure them on the road to destruction! Has the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* never heard of the effect produced upon certain minds by reading the descriptions of particular diseases in medical books? Does he know nothing of that peculiar form of hysteria which manifests itself in the imitation of crimes of abnormal wickedness the details of which have been given in full in the newspapers? He will plead, of course, for the freedom of the press—a noble and sacred thing in whose name a thousand crimes have been committed. But he cannot be sure that he has no cranks, no hysterical subjects, no vain or diseased minds with a bias towards suicide among his readers; and, unless he were assured of this fact, he had no more justification for introducing this discussion upon suicide to a mixed popular audience than for making any other form of mental or physical disease a subject of disputation for the general reader.

We are not going to follow Mr. Archer and Mr. Le Gallienne in what we venture to describe as their word-spinning regarding the ethics of suicide. It is a subject which is distinctly favourable to "fine writing" and the use of the Dictionary of Quotations; and it is accordingly one which exactly suits some writers. The suicidal mania manifests itself, like other manias, in a hundred different forms, more or less insidious. The one thing that may be safely predicated regarding it, is that it is never found where a man suspects that he is suffering from it; and we may therefore feel a confident anticipation that our peace of mind will not be disturbed on some dismal future day by the announcement that Mr. William Archer has laid violent hands upon himself. Of the theological aspects of the question we may leave others to speak. Its utilitarian side we decline absolutely to discuss. Serious men may consider that side in their own minds, but only fools rush into print to announce their conclusions to the world. It is far better that those who have to say anything about suicide in consequence of this death of Ernest Clark and the efforts of his literary resurrection-men to keep him alive, should confine themselves to one obvious truth. That is, that suicide, where it is not the act of an irresponsible being, is the act of a coward. In the whole category of crime there is no deed which speaks so strongly of the moral cowardice of the criminal as this. Whether it be to escape from the pangs of wounded vanity or the tortures of a

decayed tooth that a man or woman "jumps the life to come," it is a cowardly flight from ills to which the whole human race is subject, and which every man and woman who deserves the name should be prepared to face with equanimity. There is, in truth, no chapter in our social history which opens to the vision a lower depth of human meanness and cowardice than which records the stories of our suicides. We do not speak of those who under prolonged stress of starvation or despair have laid hands upon themselves; but of the ordinary suicide, of whom Clark was a fair sample, who flies from the world because he finds a crumpled rose-leaf in his couch. Behind him he leaves the shame, the pain, the reproach he was too cowardly to bear for himself—leaves it to be borne by others whom he has perchance professed to love. For him the rest, the peace, the silence of the Great Darkness; for others the toil, the privation, and the unending strife which it should have been his to share with them! And then, when the coward has fled away into the void, we find journalists giving publicity to his lying excuses for his own meanness, or sitting down to discuss his "reasons" for the selfish and contemptible act of which he has been guilty. When the press can find no better topic than this with which to tickle the ears of its readers, its mission must be surely at an end. The heart of the public, we trust, will always show itself tender towards those whose diseased minds have misled them to a shameful act; but to the suicide who takes his life with his eyes open, and his faculties unimpaired, only one sentiment is due—the sentiment of a profound and inextinguishable disgust for a cowardice so abject and a selfishness so cruel.

TROPICAL LONDON.

PHILOSOPHERS who believe that virtue depends on climate, and that habit is a creature of the thermometer, must regret that an interesting experiment in British ethics has been so transient. The excessive heat which sat upon these islands for some days threatened us with a physical and moral revolution; but it was too brief to make any permanent impression on the panoply of custom in which the Englishman is encased. A shrewd French observer has lately contrasted the formalism of the English people with the simple, unaffected gaiety of the Italians. Our joys and sorrows are as carefully organised as our local government; we weep by signal and laugh in platoons. This passion for regulation rules our daily lives, till our boasted liberty is a servitude of routine. Our children are drilled in emotions proper to their station, and a Sunday-school which sings "O let us be joyful" shows how a heavenly choir can be turned into a caucus. The Italian who pulsates in every fibre with the exuberance of existence is held up as a warning against that hysteria which is common to inferior races, including all foreigners. He is a child of the sun; his heart is ripened like the grape, and the blood rushes through his veins till his extremities are aglow with an irresponsible excitement which may lead to embraces or a sudden thrust with a knife. To the sedate eye of the formal Englishman he is rather like a wooden doll with a vigorous piece of string running through its middle; but he might retort that this is the characteristic mechanism of British etiquette, which is a very lugubrious puppet, working its limbs with a slow, majestic dulness, and wholly incapable of a good spontaneous kick. A self-conscious respectability broods over our society, like the presiding genius of the "Dunciad." Is it Puritanism, or is it the moist and frigid climate, which envelopes our nation in a morbid vapour of spleen, and makes us distrustful of the smallest originality of costume? If we had—not a short spell of fierce heat—but a succession

of "Lusitanian summers," would the British grape grow fat, and send a generous tide of ichor through the national arteries? Would the Englishman relax that grim deportment which endears him to strangers, and which makes him on his travels a trophy and colossal bust of insular arrogance? There is a story of a lively lady of the South who, observing a tall and motionless British figure in the midst of an animated scene in a Continental town, asked what that obelisk was intended to commemorate. We are not famous for our sculpture in this country; but the Englishman abroad is an excellent specimen of a forbidding kind of statuary.

Matthew Arnold, who knew his countrymen well—too well for the public self-esteem—said that they needed "expansion," meaning the love of liberty as opposed to "a benevolent rational absolutism." The indignant Briton may say: "If we have not a love of liberty, who has?" The worthy man does not perceive the point of Arnold's satire. We suffer from an absolutism which is neither benevolent nor rational. We prate about freedom while we are the serfs of a tyrannous decorum. In ordinary seasons what would be the social status of a man who sheltered his head from the sun beneath the expanse of a Panama hat? A year ago what would have been said of a caller who appeared in a drawing-room without a waistcoat? The ladies of the company would have retreated, probably in hysterics; the men would have looked out of the window for a while, and then retired with all the offended dignity of immaculate black cloth. Left alone with his hostess, a lady of great energy and decision, the culprit would have been requested to cover himself with the hearthrug, while he listened to society's farewell. The decree of exile would have fallen on his ears: "Never more be cavalier of mine!" Quitting the house, he would have met the suspicious glare of a constable, and had a member of the National Vigilance Committee been passing, the guardianship of public virtue would have been alert and resentful. Expansion may disdain waistcoats, but the social absolutism was inexorable till we had a week or ten days with the thermometer in the eighties. To the historian of our manners this particular August must be as famous as the Thermidor of the Sansculottes. For a brief space there was a perfect orgie of freedom, in which we cast aside our braces and wore the sash of fraternity and equality. The fall of the Bastille was scarcely more momentous than the fall of the "chimney-pot" hat. The foreigner in St. James's Street must have thought that anarchy had broken out. Men streamed from the clubs clad no longer in that chain-mail of feudalism, the frock-coat, but arrayed in disintegrating flannels. The polished leather, which is the patent of an artificial nobility, had given place to the canvas-shoes of chaos. St. James's was transformed into the Rue St. Jacques, and the stranger might have expected to see libations to liberty flowing in the smoking-room, and to hear heated declamations against the dynasty. To the tailors this must have been the Reign of Terror. Suppose the climate had changed; suppose that cloth had been finally deposed by alpaca! Were there anxious consultations in Savile Row; and did the friends of an eminent designer of fashion-plates apprehend that he would his quietus make with a pair of scissors? Was the Serjeant-at-Arms uneasy at the spectacle of so many sashes in the House of Commons, lest he should find them stuck full of weapons in defiance of the Pistols Bill? But there was scarcely time to speculate on the probable influence of the temperature on national life and character before the revolution was over; the Bourbons of braces were restored, and the absolutist waistcoat resumed its swaddling sway.

Now this is a grievous disappointment to every man who is interested in social evolution, and who is especially eager to see whether stress of climate can remould the typical Briton, making him change his skin as well as his raiment. There was evidently a suspicion

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of this in the minds of the stalwarts who clung to black coat and tall hat in the most sweltering moments. They said to themselves, no doubt, "This is a conspiracy against the British majority. It is designed to melt our solid front against treason and anarchy, to gerrymander us into gelatine. If Britons are never to be slaves, now is the time to show that we will not allow our character to be dissolved in Celtic gases." Probably these heroes are now congratulating themselves on their stubborn resistance to the heat; but experimental science has reason to complain. It seemed as if we had got our Briton into the crucible at last, and that he might come out of it with attractive manners, with a supple mind, with a capacity for understanding some point of view besides his own, with the perception that he does not monopolise the civilisation of the universe, with a healthy dislike of cant, with some natural grace—in a word, without the regimental stiffness which makes him the inmate of the social sentry-box. There is no such blessed result; but the sultry time may come when, as an enthusiastic reformer suggests, Englishmen will drop their hats and cease to cut their hair, and when it will be a virtue to "go bareheaded and carry an umbrella." If the thermometer should be inspired to this achievement we may see the moral unbending of the Briton, and the fashioning of him to gracious as well as peremptory uses. He may become less like a policeman and more like Apollo. We have nothing to console us save this agreeable fantasy, for the tangible bequests of the heat are merely a collection of straw hats and an alarming increase in the population of wasps.

THE TRIUMPH OF YORKSHIRE.

THE interest of the county cricket season has largely closed with the matches which place Yorkshire's victory beyond a doubt, with Lancashire and Middlesex as the only two following counties that have won for themselves any marked distinction. The triumph of the Tykes, which is sealed by the overthrow of Kent, always a dangerous enemy, pleases nearly everybody. Yorkshire cricket has had a great past, and the memory of the days of Emmett and his merry men will have a warm revival in many sympathetic bosoms. The renewed success of Yorkshire is, among others, a testimony to the sterner discipline, the more habitual self-control, of the professional of to-day as compared with his immediate predecessor. Yorkshire has had to renew her cricketing youth by much patience, and she has done it. As she stands after a brilliant season, qualified by few failures, she represents undoubtedly the best working eleven in England. Practically all her men can bat, most of them can bowl, and all of them can field. Nothing like, as much can be said of any one of her rivals, who, though they may outplay the northern county at one or two points of the game, and can boast a keener surface brilliancy due to one or two exceptionally fine performers, are well beaten on the average of the entire eleven. On this year's form, at all events, no county can command so thoroughly serviceable a set of players as Wainwright, Peel, Moorhouse, Brown, Wardall, and Mr. Jackson. Indeed, one might take each member of the eleven, and pit him fairly against a similar player in the other great English teams, with distinct advantage to Yorkshire. Middlesex, no doubt, is a thought stronger at the wickets, and Lancashire has, perhaps, equal bowling power. But then Lancashire has a batting tail which Yorkshire happily lacks, and Middlesex, on the bowling side, leans far too heavily on her one master, J. T. Hearne. As for the lesson of Yorkshire's success, it is thoroughly satisfactory to those amateurs of the game who saw with alarm the infectious influence of Notts's method. The Champion County of 1893, like her predecessor of last year,

plays the forward and spirited game which is the essence of successful, as well as of attractive, cricket. Where the opposite style may lead an accomplished body of cricketers let the melancholy fate of Notts testify. Surrey has failed this season, as, considering the exemplary loss of Lohmann, she might have been expected to fail, though she has at least redeemed her fall with some striking reminiscences of her old brilliancy. But for Notts—with Gunn and Shrewsbury in continuous play—there has been an almost unredeemed record of pitiful disaster, of matches lost by slow play, by want of spirit, by the foolish kind of caution which reduces a most magnetic game to a poor calculation of batting and bowling averages. To our mind it is to the discredit of the two great batsmen we have named that, while they maintain their position at the head of their class, their county has sunk lower even than in the dark days of 1891. Nor can it be said that the misfortunes of Notts are entirely due to her lack of young blood. Yorkshire, the hero of the season, is largely an eleven of veterans; and the same may be said of Lancashire. The fault lies far more in a vicious style than in the lack of real power in the men who represent it.

Looking before as well as after, it is perhaps pleasant for Southern cricketers to reflect that, if Surrey's laurels have at last been rudely snatched from her hand, she has a very fair prospect of recovering them next season, even at the expense of Yorkshire. Her reverses were, as we have said, inevitable. Richardson's rapid rise to the position of a fast bowler of steady power, could not balance the sudden withdrawal of Lohmann, unquestionably the best all-round cricketer in the world, and the most brilliant member of his eleven. Man does not live by bread alone, and cricket of all games depends much on the spirit, the splendid recklessness, with which it has often to be played. This was Lohmann's forte. He delighted in difficult situations, in sharply varying his incomparable style, and he was a master of the intellectual devices which account for the downfall of many a good wicket. A player who could bowl well all day, who never missed a catch, who was good for fifty runs—made on an emergency at the rate of one a minute—and who was as sagacious as he was athletic, was a man among ten thousand, and Surrey's debt to him can be accurately gauged this season when he is lost to her, as during the preceding years when he maintained her at the head of English county cricket. Among the other counties, Sussex, thanks largely to her veteran bowler Humphreys, who alone among modern English cricketers speaks for the powers of the lob-bowler, has somewhat recovered her long depression, and she and Kent have both played sterling, though not uniformly successful, cricket. The two unredeemed failures of the year have been Somerset and Gloucestershire, both of whom have been outclassed. Gloucester's failure is on the bowling side, and may be qualified by Mr. Townsend's meteor-like rise as a young amateur of the highest promise. Somerset could not play her best eleven at the critical part of the season, her great captain has been out of form, and only the closing encounters did justice to her batting qualities. Throughout the season the young cricketer has played a most upsetting part. Next year he will not improbably help Surrey back to the championship, just as his absence has helped to depress the chances of Notts. Hayward, in particular, comes of a great cricketing family, and as a batsman promises to write his name by the side even of such giants of the game as Dr. Grace, Mr. Stoddart, Mr. Jackson, and Shrewsbury.

FEUILLES D'ANTAN.

AT intervals, of years it may be, I find myself reluctantly yet irresistibly drawn towards a heap of old papers and magazines at the top of a dingy London house. Their aspect never fails to

evoke a certain train of associations and faces. Only the other day I came on them in their usual corner—a cupboard given over to darkness and the depredations of spiders. For years they had lain there untouched, waiting for what? Not resurrection; not immortality: they had missed their chance of that in life, and it would not be offered again. It was for *me* they waited, only for me. I knew it the moment I opened the cupboard door, and the wind from the staircase window blew on them freshly. They shivered and stirred their yellow leaves, and shook their pinions at me, as though to force the printed "table of contents" on my attention. I paused. The cobwebbed leaves flapped importunately, and I guessed that a message of special remembrance, not all in the text, was about to be delivered. Instinctively I strove to shut the door again, but it was too late. I had hesitated and was lost. Already from an illustrated paper flashes out a spirited sketch—a London street by night.

Who that knew it could fail to recognise the daring original touch of a certain artist in black and white, forgotten by the world, but to one or two friends unforgettable? A will-o'-the-wisp career was his, living his own life, working, drifting where and when he pleased, dying in a fashion of his own. To him time and place seemed fictions, or laws that might be surmounted. Those who knew his habits, or want of habits, never looked for him where he should have been. An almost supernatural air characterised his rapid appearances and vanishings.

He never kept an appointment if he could possibly avoid it. Yet editors put up with his vagaries for the sake of the curious vivacity and perverse grace that distinguished everything he touched. If a particular place or person struck his fancy, the world faded for him. Dawn would find him, perhaps miles from London, at work in a frenzy on some fantastic old windmill or a scene in a Kentish hop-garden, his solemn promise to deliver work, it might be to dine in Fleet Street, cast to the winds. Few have known or loved the city, with its odd nooks and corners, better than he, or have better interpreted its atmosphere. Dashing through space on a midnight fire-engine, ambling gaily along in a coster's cart, he seemed to become a part of every scene of excitement or danger that occurred on his breathless path. Afoot and light-hearted on the open road, at any hour of the day or night, he was happy; happiest of all in some breakneck situation—the cross of St. Paul's, or the car of the most daring aeronaut of the day. Never at home, yet, in a sense, always at home; the more astounding the episode the more it was enjoyed. A certain airy, inhuman strain ran through the man's nature—something that made responsibility impossible to him. Yet no one had passing impulses of a kindlier or more chivalrous nature than he. Some hint of the strangeness of the spirit within was stamped on his outward appearance. Few passers but took a second look at him. Wanderers and birds of night in many places came to know the tall, emaciated figure, the flying tread, and eager motions of the narrow, bird-like head, set on a long, lean throat, the speech brimming over with stammering volubility, the stumpy, capable pencil, ready to jot down picturesque or striking detail, human or architectural. It was said of him that he never slept, and he never appeared to do so, unless a five minutes' cataleptic trance that occasionally overtook him might be likened to sleep. Anywhere—on a flight of steps, in midnight bar or market, on the arm of a "friendly chemist" or policeman, he snatched a fearful oblivion, only to arise with a yet more insatiable thirst for adventure. Friend after friend departed—he, as one who feels an imperative call for vague progression of some sort, went on for ever.

In his lawless way no one worked harder, but his well-earned cheques were squandered as soon as cashed. The value of money was a lesson he never learned—it vanished at his touch, like snow in summer.

A dozen startling explanations would account for its disappearance. The money had been jerked from his pocket in the darkness of night as he sped over haunted hedge and quagmire in some weird gig driven by who knows whom! Once he had detected a pickpocket in the act of robbing him, and there and then fought him for the money, to fritter it away again in genial companionship with the thief and other chance comrades. And yet he was never murdered in one of those *guet-apens* for the unwary with which London is said to abound! Under financial stress of weather he borrowed right and left—from a postage stamp upwards, everything was welcome. To escape his ingenious importunity, long-suffering but impecunious friends have been driven to charter a passing hansom with their last shilling. The notion of obligation, of the burden past or future, was unknown to him. The excitement of the moment was ever his master; under its influence the spring that held his mortal being together suddenly snapped. But to figure him as resting is impossible. One must conceive of him—more than of anyone else—as hurrying through series of infinite change, wandering incessantly amid cycles of constantly renewed being. . . .

I turn the papers over and over, till I light on a number of a magazine that years ago seemed to me to contain the freshest expression of human intelligence, the latest seed of time. But the ruck of periodical literature, not old enough to be antique, makes sorry reading. Its language has little staying power, and is not amongst the rare things that are improved by keeping. Yet the broken-backed *Planet* sprawling at my feet was once called "our clever young contemporary" by magnanimous reviews that have lived down many such weaklings. As though in derision, the wind keeps turning the pages at sayings that seemed epigrammatic, satire that at least aimed high. Now the opinions and appreciations, stamped with the fashion of a passing hour, read like sapless utterances. Only dull echoes of the singing voices of love and passion reach one. The words are all there; it is the dew and sparkle of morning, the illusions of youth that have vanished.

To the aspirant for literary fame, the medium that first presents him to his public is epoch marking. I watched with admiration the course of the *Planet* and the young men who directed it. Things new and old, especially old had we but known it, were discussed in each number. Yet it was as though such things as "living, palpitating emotions," and "actuality" were of our own making, were revealed for the first time. They are the primal forces of human nature, consequently of true art; yet so long as the world persists, so long will each generation mistake its experience for discovery. The outlook and phraseology change, the elements themselves are eternal. But it seemed to us in those days that only we understood life, death, the principles of art, and the interpretation of human emotion. The great men of the past had but pointed the way we should take for the adequate portrayal of human nature—its "modern complexity" was delivered into our hands. We were the pioneers of artistic regeneration, the apostles of a new Beauty, and we battled against "stupid conventions" and "worn-out creeds." Caught unknowingly in the toils of an ephemeral vocabulary, we mistook it for a new departure in thought. What seemed the essence of individual insight has now an air of obvious platitude. Our advanced views in art, politics, and religion are shocking in their tameness. Even I, who read past associations into the lines, am struck by the sad banality of phrase and diction. "Strange flowers of fancy," "roses of shadow," "sullen flare of poppies"—where is the subtle significance they seemed to exhale? And the "golden lamplight," "blue night," "fantastic dawn," "pearly shimmer and radiance," turn blank eyes on me now. Was the writing always the jargon it seems, or did a far-off mystery, an ideal

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not our own, colour the poor words? Those who penned them were young; they swore eternal friendship with art and with each other. Time has scattered, swallowed, separated. . . . Some have in a sense "arrived"; one is an esteemed novelist, an elegant essayist; another is the best of modern poets—and men; but at the true goal of their ambitions none has anchored. Of the group who together pursued the San Graal of their imagination, some have "gone under," some have died, conditions as insurmountable separate others. And where is that Most Beautiful Thing in the world that was to have been revealed or created?—if not further off, more unattainable than ever. Few who followed in the chase side by side meet now, or care to meet anywhere beneath stars or sun. My hold on the page slackens, the blurred sentences vanish as the town wind rustles the leaves together again with a sound like the breeze in the far-off barley-fields of Youth.

It has often been in my mind to destroy these frail papers, whose hold on time is so much stronger than that of those who produced them. And yet again I come to them, only to turn away as before. To the chance industry of mice or broom their ultimate extinction must be trusted.

PIERS THE PLOWMAN.

THE elucidation of Early English texts is not, as a rule, one of the things which they do better in France. Indeed, to many respectable Englishmen, who sit at good men's feasts, pay their rates, and hope some day to become fellows of the Imperial Institute, it will probably cause a painful shock to discover that there is at least one Frenchman capable of independent research into the language and literature and sociology of fourteenth-century England; they will perhaps be minded to resent what may seem to them an impertinent intrusion of the foreigner into our domestic affairs. Nevertheless they will have, willy-nilly, to stomach the fact that M. J. J. Jusserand, sometime Chancellor of the French Embassy in London, and now a high official of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the Quai d'Orsay, amuses his leisure with the study of mediæval England, and has rapidly established a position of high authority on a subject in regard to which most Englishmen remain in a condition of abysmal ignorance. "La Vie Nomade et les Routes d'Angleterre au XIV^e siècle" was his first effort in this direction; and he has now followed this up with another erudite study of the same period: "L'Épopée Mystique de William Langland" (Paris: Hachette).

"Tous les hommes," says a hero of M. de Maupassant, "sont bêtes comme des oies et ignorants comme des carpes." This, perhaps, is too sweeping an indictment; but it is certain that few men have read "The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman." M. Jusserand's book now gives them the opportunity of learning all about it without reading it. It will at least save them from the vulgar error which so vexes the soul of the excellent Professor Skeat, of believing that Piers Plowman was an early English author. Piers, in fact, did not write his own Vision, any more than Garth wrote his own Dispensary, or Christian wrote Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The poem was written, the learned are agreed, by one William Langland, though some of the learned doubt whether his name was William, and the rest affirm that it certainly was not Langland. It is probably reserved for a future expert to discover, after the manner of Lewis Carroll with the Homeric epics, that Langland's poem was not written by Langland at all, but by another man of the same name.

Meanwhile, it is an interesting question, not what was the name, but what the life, and what the character, of the author of Piers Plowman's Vision? An attempt to answer these questions can only

proceed upon internal evidence—and of internal evidence the wise have become somewhat shy since it turned Shakespeare into Bacon. Not a single contemporary mentions the author of the Vision, and no one seems to have known him; but a contemporary's reticence is posterity's opportunity, and M. Jusserand boldly proceeds to reconstitute Langland's biography from his book. M. Jusserand's method will best be judged from one or two illustrations. He takes the lines:—

"Holychurche Ich am," quoth he, "thow oghtest me to knowe, Ich underfeng the formest, and fre man the made"—

and deduces that Langland was a base-born man, set free by entering the Church. There is evidence to the contrary, but M. Jusserand airily dismisses it. It is true that an early manuscript describes Langland's father as *generosus*; but that was merely hearsay, "what the soldier said." It is true that Langland himself said that no clerk ought to receive the tonsure, unless he were the son of a franklin or a free man; but that, doubtless, like Coleridge's metaphysics according to Lamb, was only his fun. Further, are there not the lines—

"Whenne Ich yong was," quoth ich, "many yer hennes, My fader and my frendes founden me to scole"?

Now, if Langland's father had been *generosus*, would he have needed the help of friends to send the boy to school? Q. E. D.

Then as to the question whether we are to consider the vision as inspired by the breezes of the Malvern hills or the odours of Eastcheap and Cock Lane, M. Jusserand unhesitatingly opts for Malvern. Even when the poet is in London, he returns in thought, says M. Jusserand, to the Worcestershire hills; and he is of opinion that Langland went back to Malvern to die. But, as Professor Skeat long ago pointed out, Malvern is only mentioned three times in a poem which shows as extensive and peculiar a knowledge of London as Sam Weller's. And a poem on the deposition of Richard II. (another point made by the learned Mr. Skeat) written by Langland the year before his death certainly shows he was then not at the Malvern Hills, but at Bristol. But we may readily forgive M. Jusserand's preference for Malvern, seeing that it gives him an excuse for prefixing a pretty heliotype of that town to the present volume, eligible villa residences and all. It is true that the Malvern of the heliotype is not a bit like the Malvern of the fourteenth century; but why quarrel about that? The opportunity for a pretty heliotype is, at any rate, a better reason for preferring Malvern to London than one glanced at by M. Jusserand. He suggests that the fuliginous obscurities of the poem—there are a good many of them—were inspired by the fogs of Malvern. Now, if fogs are an argument in the matter, we should, for our part, back the case for London against Malvern to the very shirt on our back.

With the internal evidence as to the character of Langland, M. Jusserand makes a far better show. Not merely isolated passages, but a comparison of one manuscript with another (there were three in all, written by the poet in youth, maturity, and old age) reveal Langland as a disappointed man, conscious of failure. It may be that, as M. Jusserand suggests, the "friends" who sent him to school were all swept away in the great plague of 1349, so that he suddenly found himself deprived of all protectors; but this is pure conjecture. What is certain is that he had those infirmities of character which, friends or no friends, are fatal to success in life. He was by temperament a John-o'-Dreams—as he would have said, an Ymagynatyf—a temperament which may well result in allegorical visions of the Plowman and the Lady Meed and the Seven Deadly Sins, but which seldom accumulates a substantial balance at the bank. Moreover, Clergy says to him—

"The were lef to lerne, but loth for to stodie,"

and he suffered the usual fate of those who cannot get on without a royal road to learning. M. Jusserand

is cruel enough to find in him the characteristic symptoms of those maladies of the will which modern science is only beginning to analyse for us—the predominance of *Ymaginatyf*, *idées fixes*, and what not. In other words, Langland was a neuropath.

But it is satisfactory to reflect that, in spite of all temptations to serve as a "case" for modern neuro-pathologists, Langland remained an Englishman. He even more English, M. Jusserand thinks, than Chaucer. There was a touch of the cosmopolitan about Chaucer; his mind had French and Italian ramifications. Langland was frankly insular, and, indeed, one of the earliest specimens of the "constitutional" Englishman—as witness his profound admiration for the Commons, his deep sense of the seriousness of life, his abiding melancholy. Moreover, he was an Englishman of the line of Fox, Bunyan, Wesley, Cowper, and Blake; and the chapter in which M. Jusserand traces this spiritual pedigree is one of the most charming things in a book which is full of charm. Finally, an ingenious comparison of part of the Vision with the "Nuit de Décembre" shows that Langland was familiar with Mussetism five centuries before Musset. *Les néfropathes se touchent!*

UP THE SHIRÉ RIVER.

S.S. JOHN BOWIE, June 16th, 1893.

THE Zambesi is, perhaps more than the other great African rivers, a mere name to the casual reader. Nothing has occurred to bring it into such prominence as has befallen the Congo or the Nile; and if its commercial importance ever comes under discussion, no impression is made outside the circle of those immediately interested. The value of the Zambesi as a waterway to the interior is somewhat dubious, and is far from being assured by the so-called discovery of the Chinde mouth two years ago. It is true that it is an immense advantage to have superseded the Quillimane route with the overland journey from the Kwakwa; but there is no guarantee that in a few years' time the Chinde bar may not have become impassable, as it was a few years ago. By that time, perhaps, some other mouth—say the Kongone or Muselo, now impenetrably barred against large craft, may offer at least as tolerable a passage. Who can reckon with a continent in the making? Not only does the river-bed change from season to season—or even in the course of a week or two—the bank being swept away in one place, while shoals and sand-bars are formed in another, but its whole level seems to have been permanently altered since Livingstone ascended nearly to Senna with a steamer drawing 9 ft. 7 in. Now it is with great difficulty that a boat of 2 feet draught or even less can reach Katunga's, on the Shiré, even with a tolerably full river at the close of the rains. The rainfall is said to have been affected by the deforesting of the country (now, we hope, put a stop to); but the principal cause of the change would appear to be the fact that a part of the country is slowly rising, and that many streams which formerly flowed into Lake Nyassa now pour their water into Bangweolo and Mweru, thus ultimately swelling the volume of the Congo instead of the Zambesi.

The above was written stuck fast on a pebble bank in the Shiré, without even the two feet of water indispensable for the *John Bowie's* progress; all round, gleaming river reaches, studded with small grassy islands in a bend of the stream, which, from bank to bank, is here about the width of the Thames at Blackfriars Bridge. The banks proper are steep, from three to four feet above the water-level, and are covered with the long grass of the country—a kind of reed like that which fills the *canneti* of Italy, crowned with waving, plummy tufts of blossom. Beyond the grass appear large trees, nearly all evergreen, or at any rate in leaf, though it is mid-winter, only here and there a leafless one, the baobabs (of which there are not many hereabouts)

appearing like grey skeletons. Behind the trees, on the right bank, rises a range of round-topped foothills, and beyond those the Shiré Highlands proper, all feathered with dark-green forest, shading off here and there into lighter tints, or variegated with red-brown in the foreground, their sides furrowed by ravines which, softened by the veil of trees, fall like the folds of drapery. Here and there, amid the long grass, the tops of some banana trees show the presence of a village, but it is not often that the huts themselves are visible from the river. Each village has its landing-place for canoes, where the bank is slightly sloped, and perhaps a step or two cut in it; and here, as the steamer passes, is usually to be seen a chocolate-brown group, their skins toning wonderfully with the background, whether the dull green and ochre-brown of the grass, or the tender green of banana leaves, and thrown into relief by the dark blue *kassibi* which most of them affect in the way of garments. They are all there—the village elder, lean and dignified, with a tuft of grizzled beard; the old woman, with her wisps of grey wool standing out all round her head, unplaited, unbraided, and unadorned; the young mother in blue cloth, with her baby astride her hips; the girl with the water-jar on her head; small boys standing about in various attitudes of interest; even to the village "yellow dog," who almost seems to have emigrated from New England. He is usually yellow, though once or twice I have seen him black and white. He erects the hair at the back of his neck when angry; he never barks, but only howls and yelps; and he is said to object to the company of white men, inasmuch that, though you should adopt a native dog and make never so much of him, he will not stay with you; and he has doubtless other points besides to distinguish him from the genuine "daown-East" yellow dog. But he evidently considers himself a part—and that not the least important—of the community. Sometimes you see the girls drawing water—less gracefully than the traditional figure of Rebecca at the well, but still picturesquely enough. It is not safe for them, even when the bank allows easy access to the water, to dip their pitchers from the brink. Many a woman has been snatched by a crocodile in so doing and dragged under water to drown—for the "croc" never eats his prey under water; he always "maks siccar" by drowning it, and then carries it to a shallow to consume at his leisure. So they always ladle the water with a little gourd, attached to a bamboo pole, into their great, shining, earthen jars, holding, perhaps, four gallons. A slow process, indeed; but time is not of so much account out here, as one does well to remember when hearing the *John Bowie's* paddles grating on the shingle, and seeing her bow going helplessly round on the bank from which she was being pushed off an hour ago. Twenty-one men, in all varieties of light costume, are overboard and pushing; the engines are reversed, and panting slowly and heavily; but the right channel is narrow and the current strong, and we begin to think that we may see Katunga's—

"The day that they razored the grindstone, the day that the cat was belled;
The day of the figs from thistles, the day of the twisted sands."

We left Chinde at 2 p.m. on May 31st, with a full river and a favourable tide, with good hopes for the voyage and four lighters in tow, two of which we cast off on reaching the main stream of the Zambesi at 7.30 p.m. The *John Bowie* is a paddle-boat, very lightly built of steel, with an eye to stowage rather than speed—81 feet in length by 18 feet beam (without counting the paddle-boxes and the extra deck-space secured abaft them). She has a gun-deck (or awning) running fore and aft, and her engine stands on the deck between the paddle-boxes. There are only two cabins, standing on the deck abaft the main hatch, which occupies the space between them and the engine; but the boat has not been calculated for passenger accommodation. The galley is a small

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iron cupboard, cunningly inserted in the opening made by the thickness of the starboard paddle-wheel. Its size is a standing grievance to the Zanzibari cook, who feels his aspirations sadly limited, but contrives, nevertheless, to turn out very creditable dishes. The corresponding space in the port paddle-wheel is utilised for the stowage of engineers' stores. The rails and supports of the gun-deck afford opportunity for picturesque displays of various kinds—from recently killed mutton-chops and bunches of green plantains to the freshly washed garments of the crew. The latter with the native passengers, of whom we are carrying some half-dozen (carpenters in the employ of the Africa Lakes Company—among them an elderly man with a grizzled crop of wool and a strikingly Assyrian profile), sleep about the deck "permiscus," in their "fumbas" or sleeping-mats. These last are a convenient arrangement in palm-fibre, like a long envelope with the flap at one end, by which you get in. You have no trouble about tucking yourself in as with blankets, no corners which cold draughts mercilessly seek out. When the boat is anchored for the night, and the "Azunga" have retired to their respective couches—within and without the cabins (for some sleep in camp-beds set up on deck)—the coloured contingent packs itself away in odd corners and sleeps peacefully till roused by the captain at peep of dawn to get the vessel under weigh.

The journey from Chinde to Katunga's is traditionally said to occupy nine days—"all being well"; but whether any vessel ever found it "all well"—no hitches at wooding-stations, and no running on sand-banks—I cannot say. The steamers, as a rule, burn wood; the surface coal at Tette is not of sufficiently good quality for use on board, and the beds are as yet unworked. No foreigners are allowed by treaty to cut wood in Portuguese territory; but the Portuguese are bound to keep a supply at certain points along the river, where it can be bought at a reasonable price by passers-by. As a matter of fact, we seldom found wood at the right place; it was usually "a little further on," and when found, the "empregado comandante," or other much-betitled coloured person in charge, would demand an exorbitant price for it. Then, too, when we steamed out of the Chinde branch, the current of the main river (for which that of the Chinde affords absolutely no criterion) was much stronger than had been anticipated—the up-country rains having this year been unusually late—and it was all our little vessel could do to hold her own against it. The rainy season is reckoned to be quite over, as a rule, by the beginning of May, but we had a heavy shower at Chinde on the 29th—just in time to replenish the exhausted water-tanks—and again on the 30th. On the river-journey we had heavy rain on the 31st, and again on June 1st, and stray showers since then.

The first part of the journey is very monotonous. The immense width of the river deceives the eye, and the low, forested banks, dwarfed by distance, afford no point of measurement or comparison. Only when a black dot away out on the gleaming surface is pointed out as a "hippo," or an indistinct dark line on a distant sand-bank is declared to be a "croc," does one begin to realise the proportions of things. Of these inhabitants of the waters one does not see much on the Zambesi. There is room for them to give a wide berth to the noisy monsters which they have learned to associate with detonations and conical bullets. Of birds there are plenty, but mostly in the shallows and near the banks, and it is not so easy to obtain a good view of them as later on, in the smaller river. Large black-and-white cranes, magnificent ditto fish-eagles (one often sees a pair of them seated solemnly on a tree watching the water), snow-white egrets (twenty or more standing fishing in a row at the mouth of a creek near Zombo!), ibises, ducks, geese, two or three kinds of kingfishers, beautiful little rice-birds (red and blue-green fly-catchers), a crimson bird with a long tail which I understand to be a bee-eater (*Merops*?), sand-

martins skimming over the water and flitting in and out of their nests in the sandy bank,—one might prolong the list indefinitely.

Long stretches of river-bank on the main Zambesi are covered with the tall grass already referred to, and the steamer's deck not being high enough to enable one to look over it, the view is necessarily limited. Very often, too, the islands make it impossible to see both banks at the same time, or the channel may lie between two islands, when neither is visible. But there are plenty of "effects" of strange beauty and impressiveness. The wide, solemn reaches—milkily opalescent in the morning light, crimson or gold at sunset—smooth as glass, with the black or dark-green shadows of the bank quivering across them; the blackness of the grass and sedges against a clear evening sky; the distant grass-fires—pillars of cloud by day and fire by night—with their smell blown across the country, as you smell the "Haiderauch" of the burning Oldenburg peat-mosses at Bremen,—there is a charm in these things, though they may not lend themselves to "word-picturing."

On the 5th we anchored off Shupanga House, a solid, whitewashed, red-roofed structure, built many years ago by a half-caste Portuguese named Vianna. Near it is Mrs. Livingstone's grave, but we were too far from the shore to distinguish it, especially as the huge baobab tree, which formerly marked the spot, fell down some time since. Before us stretched the huge expanse of Shupanga Forest, which no man living has passed through. It is said to extend to within forty miles of Beira—a four days' journey, during which no water is to be had. No native will engage for more than two days' journey into it. In the other direction, parallel with the river, it is, perhaps, a twenty days' march in length. Elephants abound in it. On asking how they live without water, we are told that there is said to be a marsh in the middle of the forest, but, as no one has been to see, it remains a matter of hear-say. Grey-green and sombre, it stretches on to the horizon, the larger and darker-coloured trees standing out amid the lower scrub with a strange woolly look. Here and there is a giant baobab—grey and leafless. The other trees are either evergreens or lose their leaves much later in the season.


Now and then, at long intervals, we meet a steamer, just often enough to show that the river is not wholly given over to "croc" and native canoes. One day it is H.B.M. gunboat *Herald*—we left her twin-vessel, the *Mosquito*, at Chinde, awaiting the Commissioner's arrival—another, the Africa Lakes Company's steamer *James Stevenson*, familiarly known as the *Jimmy*, the largest boat on the river, with accommodation for fourteen passengers; or Portuguese Poplar-built gunboats, haggard and dilapidated with long service in strange waters. Altogether, including small launches, there are about a dozen steamers plying on the Zambesi and Lower Shiré (i.e., below Katunga's), and several more are building.

Chiromo, at the mouth of the Ruo, where the telegraph-line from Chinde ends and the mails are landed from the steamers, should, properly speaking, be reached in a week—we took eleven days. Day after day, following the windings of the Shiré along the foot of the range, we watched the cloud-wreath rise in the morning, from the top of Morambala mountain, to float about nearly unbroken all day, and rest there again at nightfall. We passed through the reed-grown reaches of the Morambala marsh, and came in sight of the Shiré Highlands, the blue pyramid of Cholo, and jagged, fantastic peaks of the Angoni mountains far away to westward.

Chiromo is actually laid out in streets, with names to them—Moir Road, Sharrer Lane, and others—but the streets are mostly prospective as yet. There is the Administration building, post-office (mud-daubed and whitewashed), the A. L. C. station, with its store and other outbuildings, part corrugated iron and part native grass, and the gunboat stores close to the bank, with the blackest Soudanese that ever was seen, in black Zouave

jacket, white shirt, and yellow silk trousers, on sentry duty. Chiromo is, I believe, to be the central post-office for the Protectorate, when the postal service is reorganised—which ought to be soon—for did we not import (per *Induna* and *John Bowie*) a new Postmaster-General from Cape Colony for that express purpose?

After Chiromo we come to the Elephant Marsh, where is great store of hippos—"mou" is the local name—and would be more but that we come upon several dead ones floating piteously on the water; and soon after to the explanation of this phenomenon, in the shape of a white man standing on the bank, superintending the cutting up of yet another. At the end of the Marsh is a forest of graceful Hyphene palms, most of them fifty to sixty feet high, standing rather far apart in a tangle of long grass; and here, at a spot called Massengosa, the white man aforesaid and his partner have their temporary camp, which—*entre parenthèse*—smells horribly, between hippo-hides spread in the sun to dry and other trophies of the chase. They have hoisted to a tree a banner with a strange device, a white flag with a red St. George's cross, as thus:

—concerning which we need only remark that H.H. stands for Hippo Hunters. They kill as many as they can, secure the ivory, cut the hide into strips for the manufacture of the instruments called of the Boers *sjamboks* and of the Portuguese *chicotes*, and board their native assistants on the "nyama." When they have had enough of it they will go down-river with their spoils, and hope to "realise" on them. We landed here—some to shoot, which resulted in a fine water-buck (here called "nakodzwe"), others to walk about among the palms (not an easy matter once the beaten path, extending a little way from the village, is left behind)—and at sunset saw the *mzungu* return with his trophies, five grinning, gruesome heads, whose expression was positively uncanny, and a thing to dream of, as they lay in a row on the bank. He and his partner placed a big slaughter-house of a canoe at our disposal for returning to the steamer (our own boat being away with the wood-cutters), having first rendered it, so to speak, habitable by the insertion of sundry packing-cases. It was a queer, cranky craft, narrower at the top than the bottom, but it took us on board without upsetting, and we were thankful. And then came the night, with stars above and blackness of water below—for it was near the dark of the new moon—and therein roaring and spluttering of "mou," and blaze of fires on the bank where natives were cooking, and chirping of crickets and tree-frogs near at hand, and wails of the hyena out of the more distant bush, "Here's a dead Hindo—o—o," etc. etc., but they are not near enough for serious disturbance. The ripple of the current against the rudder has a soothing sound, and before long it is very evident that the crew and passengers of the *John Bowie* are fast asleep, and perhaps hoping in their dreams to reach Katunga's some day.

A. WERNER.

THE OLD POACHER'S LAST SHOT.

"DOST thou think a poacher was ever admitted to t' Kingdom o' Heaven, Dolly?"

"Nay, never without true repentance, Dick."

"Repentance, repentance! But I've nowt to repent about."

"Ay! but that's a flayful frame o' mind for an aillin' body to be in, and just what every self-righteous scribe and pharisee persuades hissell."

"Then dost thou really think that all them Bible chaps what hunted had to repent; for 'cordin' to little Bob's readin' to me there was Ramrod t' mighty hunter."

"No, no, Dick! Nimrod was his name."

"Well, well, so be 't, but Ramrod hitches on to my mem'ry best. Then again, there was Esau t'

hairy, what took quiver and bow and went at his father's biddin', like a son o' duty, in search o' venison, t' whilst his brother stayed at home, and with his artful old mother schemed how to get his birthreet oot o' him, when hunger had t' grip o' his belly, for a dish o' porridge. On top o' these was t' strong man what first instituted fox-huntin' on such a grand scale, but no mention at all o' any on 'em ever ruein' because he'd had a bit o' sport."

"Ah, but 'tis different: they lived under t' old dispensashen, when there was no game laws to break, Dick."

"But God didn't make t' game laws—only t' game, only t' game, Dolly my lass."

This last dexterous shot completely silenced Dolly's battery of argument, and her husband, like a wise general, quickly followed up his advantage by an appeal to native and more modern history.

"Then, again, in later times that grand man Billy Shaksbeer, what used to write such fine gag for them play-actin' chaps what had booths at every hoss fair when I were a bit striplin' lad, and has noo lost his occipation and taken on to makin' up birthday books, and writin' texts and head-lines for advartisements o' soap that would wash the divel hissell a clean lily-white if somebody could only persuade him to use 't. They tell me poor Billy used to be very fond o' a bit o' poachin', and that t' world owes his actin' plays to what you would call his divel's work among t' game. I wonder if he ever repented? I'll warrant no man what ever heard *Hamlet* pattered thro' was ever sorry they chased poor Billy Shaksbeer away from t' Avon's banks."

"If he didn't repent he most 'suredly went to hell, Dick."

"Steady, steady, Dolly my lass. You Meetin'-Hoos folks make rather too free with uncertainties. I don't believe God 'll ever punish a poor man just because he was fond o' what I calls a bit o' huntin' and you poachin'. He might as weel lick a spaniel for usin' t' instinct what bids him set to work with his snoot and smell oot an old moorcock among t' ling or a rabbit in a plat o' bracken."

"But that dog is not aware that smellin' oot and capterin' game belongin' to somebody else is stealin'. He is a dumb animal without t' sense to know reet from wrang."

"Stealin' do you call 't? I don't. Because a man says a certain thing belongs to him, and nobody else says nay, it don't follow that God O'mity says 'Tis so, Sammy; clap everybody into prison what tries to prove you're wrang.' Every old moorcock I've shot or otherwise nobbled I consider I'd as much reet to as t' Squire or any other man, for I've never sold or otherwise parted with my God-geen reet to indulge a nat'ral-born desire to hunt as they did of old time. 'Cordin' to my leets, what is on this hill to-day and on yon to-morn belongs to t' man lucky or skilful enough to captor 't for his own kailpot. 'Tis hard enough to punish a man here, but 'twill be harder to punish him hereafter also, for not bein' able to chain and padlock his huntin' instincts. Noo, I'm sure, Dolly, if t' last two things left alive on this earth be a man and a moos, and t' man be British-born, he'll be true to his breedin' and set-to and hunt t' moos for devarshen."

This dialogue was cut short by the doctor's foot-fall on the infirm wooden stairs leading to the old poacher's sick-room.

"Well, Dick, how are you feeling to-day?"

"Exactly as I did forty year gone, when I fell asleep in a snow-blast—numb, numb, numb. My pains have left me and I feel nowt, 'solutely nowt, but doot about t' whither o' my wend, doctor."

"Tush, tush, Dick! You have been exciting yourself over the fire-and-brimstone rant of some of your wife's Methody friends. Keep quiet, man! There's an old buck-hare, with ears like a circus donkey, sitting this very minute on Broonber Rig, and you lying here talking nonsense about wending! It won't do; cast your thoughts on your powder-horn and shot-pouch, Dick, and get better like a man."

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The poacher smiled at this raillery, but his heart had no answer, save in a hopeless sigh and a sad head-shake.

As soon as the doctor had entered his gig and departed, Dick called his wife close to the bedside, and taking both her hands in his, began to speak in a weak treble voice:

"Dolly, my lass, I feels I's slowin' into a station where no amount o' steam will ever fetch me oot again, so I wants to tell thee aboot two or three odd things afore my old wheels quite stop.

"If thou ever get a bit pinched and want begins to show his grim fangs in t' doorstead, just turn t' old stuffed fox case round, slide t' middle board oot, and feel for a button aboot mid rily o' rennard. This opens a little flap in his side and shows a snug nest o' guineas which my father stockin'd there for me just fifty year gone. I've never touched a penny on 't, but saved 't for thee and little Bob. Bless his little heart, he's been a vast deal o' comfort to thee and me since that day I found him skirlin t' bit o' life oot o' him on t' frozen breest o' his dead mother in a peat pot aboon t' Black Moor Hoos. When he grows up he must have my old gun, t' best and sweetest killer man ever stood ahind on, savin' none.

"I feels I've been an ootcast, some will say a breaklaw and graceless, but they judge me harshly. Game acts are stubborn nuts to crack for a man whose mother and nuss have been Natur', school and books Natur', kirk and gospel Natur', and wished for Heaven at last nothin' better nor sweeter than kindly lovin' Natur'. Thoo came atween us, Dolly, in t' days o' 'Auld Lang Syne,' when thy locks were black as t' raven's wing and thy voice as sweet as a psalm, but I've divided my love fairly and without favour atween ye, darlin', 'cordin' to promise, and noo I's boon to say good-bye, as somethin' within me frets and pines for t' green fields and open air, and I can hardly bide t' smother o' these walls about me.

"When I's dead, bury me in t' corner o' t' kirk gath 'neath yonder rowan-tree, on t' topmost twig o' which t' stormcock delights to swing and sway in a gale. Gallant bird, his notes ring oot e'en when t' bleak winds o' winter roar through t' leafless trees, and make t' bluid hurry thro' my veins and my old heart leap for joy."

Dolly crept downstairs, and tossing her apron sideways over her head, hastened out in search of the first praying-man she could meet.

The poacher's quick eye noticed her departure, and fearing she would break the back of his intent if he waited until she returned, summoned the sunny-haired little Bob to his side.

"Throw open wide that casement winder, Bob—quick—and get my old gun from 'neath t' bed, lad. I wants to have a shot."

The boy obeyed with the alacrity of curious youth, and knelt on the bed with his little back arched high enough to form a rest for the barrel of his foster-father's piece.

The old poacher began to repeat very low, but with astonishing sweetness for a man of his years and ailing—

"White for heaven,
Black for hell;
The first that comes
My fate will tell."

and had iterated it once or twice when his eye suddenly flashed with the fire of joy, travelled like a thought along the barrel, and rested on a milk-white pigeon which coursed through space at the end of the garden. The bird shuddered and released a few tiny feathers, which mounted upward on the still air, then closed its wings and fell dead in a bed of lilies.

A loud report, and every print was released from the whitewashed walls and fluttered to the floor of the poacher's chamber. The concussion of the shot had also released his pagan soul, and it had fled—fled through the glazed curtain death had for ever drawn over his eyes, and rolled out of the narrow

casement window on a wreath of blue smoke to gaze upon the mysterious whither of his wending.

Death had trapped the smile on his face and sealed it there—a smile of ineffable peace—a smile that annihilated doubt and trumpeted the dawn of that great day which shall know no morrow.

He had fired his last shot.

R. KEARTON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MORE BLEATINGS FROM THE STRAYED SHEEP.

SIR,—It is very satisfactory to read that the King of Siam gave the French Minister-Plenipotentiary an audience at Bangkok last Sunday, and that the Minister referred to the friendly relations existing between France and Siam, and spoke hopefully of the future. It is satisfactory to know that, up to the present time, no claim on the part of France has been put forward for the bodies of the "Siamese Twins," so that they may be peaceably divided. The blunt statement in a rude newspaper that France has seized 70,000 square miles of Siamese territory and is asking for more, has given a good deal of annoyance to the criminal classes. My friend Bill Sikes of Portland Gaol (brother of Sir William Sikes, K.C.B., of Portland Place, the celebrated "annexer") has again burst into poetry:—

"If I was a cove of hexalted rank,
I shouldn't be a-workin' this 'ere sanguinary crank.
If I'd only collared fifty million in ground,
I shouldn't be a-turnin' this sanguinary 'andle round."

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

Primrose Club, 4, Park Place, St. James's,
Aug. 21st, 1893.

THE EXECUTION OF LADS.

SIR,—I imagine there will be general concurrence in your protest in last week's *SPEAKER* against the enforcement of the extreme penalty of the law upon mere lads. Even those who recognise most warmly Mr. Asquith's enlightened administration at the Home Office, observed with great regret his failure to seize the splendid opportunity presented of acting in some recent cases in accordance with thoughtful public opinion by rescuing from the scaffold juveniles still in their teens. One could have wished that the credit of establishing a precedent in the reconsideration of the death penalty had been earned by a Liberal Government, and Mr. Asquith's adoption of the merciless formula, "the law must take its course," is disappointing.

As matters stand, the revisions of capital sentences in these cases are anomalous and not easy to understand in the light of common-sense. Why should the Cannock murderer, a lad of nineteen, who committed the crime under the impulse of uncontrollable passion, be sent to the gallows, while the Otley murderer, aged sixteen, who murdered his brother without any apparent prompting motive, is rescued? Or again, why was the difference of a year or two in the case of the youthful Crewe murderers a few years ago held to be a sufficient justification for the reprieve of one of the brothers, while the other was sent to his doom? Can it be seriously argued that any appreciably greater degree of atrocity attaches to the lad of nineteen than to the companion of sixteen who was a partner in the crime? In spite of your deprecation of a "hard-and-fast line," it is to be hoped the Home Office in the near future will act upon an unwritten rule by which murderers who have not arrived at the legal period of manhood will be reprieved. It will be said that this is open to objection on the ground of logic, and obviously so. But is not the present rule-of-thumb policy infinitely more so? In the case of female convicts, for instance, how frequently is the accident of their sex the actual, though not perhaps the avowed, excuse for the exercise of the prerogative of mercy? Nay, one might go further and aver that in many cases (female infanticides more especially) the revocation of the death penalty has coincided with crimes far more deliberate and calculated than any for which these wretched lads have been compelled to go to their fate.

Sentiment, if it is to be allowed any influence in these matters, ought to be as potent in the case of one sex as in the other. If that be a legitimate feeling which results in the reprieve of so many female murderers, that is surely equally so which pleads for mercy on behalf of immature youths hurried along the path of crime by blind passion acting upon undeveloped brains. And let us remember that, while the object of all penalties is to deter others from evil courses, the effect of these capital punishments upon lads is not impressive, but simply horrifying and shocking to every mind. Indeed, the advocates of the abolition of the death penalty might well protest against any discrimination in respect of age, so effectually do these barbarities discredit the whole system.—Yours, etc.,

T. T. Y.

THE BRIDAL OF THE DAY.

THE sunbeams, the long beams of gold,
Come from the clear gold east;
To meet the blushing day they run,
The loitering bride that may not shun
The bridal feast.

They run, and from her chamber sweet
They lead her, tearful-eyed;
The daisies kiss her lily feet,
The starry sunflowers bow to greet
Their lord's fair bride.

Behold the jubilant glad Sun
As he quaffs the bridal wine!
His laugh and song are benison,
And light and life to the bride he has won
His kiss divine!

Oh, glad and gay is the sad pale day,
And her raining tears are dried;
And she walks with the golden Sun away,
Till together they stray down the steep west way
At eventide.

And the evening beams in close array,
Purple and amethyst,
Follow the Sun on his lustrous way
To his cloudy bed with the blushing day
In the red, gold west.

R. K. LEATHER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

Bow-wow.

IT is really very difficult to know what to say to Mr. Maynard Leonard, editor of "The Dog in British Poetry" (London: David Nutt). His case is something the same as Archdeacon Farrar's. The critic who desires amendment in the Archdeacon's prose, and suggests that something might be done by a study of Butler or Hume or Cobbett or Newman, is met with the cheerful retort, "But I have studied these writers, and admire them even more than you do." The position is impregnable; and the Archdeacon is only asserting that two and two make four when he goes on to confess that, "with the best will in the world to profit by the criticisms of his books, he has never profited in the least by any of them." My colleague "G. M." has been musing of late upon those art-critics who, like Leech's cook, are of that 'appy disposition they can love any man; who do indeed let their affections run upon Van Beers as upon Van Eyck. But, surely, it is yet more wonderful to admire Van Eyck with all the strength of your soul and deliberately to paint with Van Beers.

Now Mr. Leonard has at least this much in common with Archdeacon Farrar, that before him criticism must sit down with folded hands. His cheerfulness is inexpugnable; and when in the lightness of his heart he accepts every fresh argument against such and such a course as an added reason for taking that course, one feels that his logic is inexpugnable also. "While this collection of poems was being made," he tells us, "a well-known author and critic took occasion to gently ridicule (*sic*) anthologies and anthologists. He suggested, as if the force of foolishness could no further go, that the next anthology would deal with dogs." "Undismayed by this," to use his own words, Mr. Leonard proceeded to prove it. Now it is obvious that no man can set a term to literary activity if it depend on the Briton's notorious unwillingness to recognise that he is beaten. I might dare, for instance, a Scotsman to compile an anthology on "The Eel in British Poetry"; but of what avail is it to challenge an indomitable race?

I am sorry Mr. Leonard has not given the name of this critic; but have a notion it must be Mr. Andrew Lang, though I am sure he is innocent of the split infinitive quoted above. It really ought to be Mr. Lang, if only for the humour of the means by which Mr. Leonard proposes to silence him. I am confident, says he, "that the voice of the great dog-loving public in this country would drown that of the critic in question." Mr. Leonard's metaphors, you see, like the dyer's hand, are subdued to what they work in. But is not the picture delightful? Mr. Lang, the gentle of speech; who, with his master Walton, "studies to be quiet"; who tells us in his very latest verse

"I've maistly had my fill
O' this world's din"—

Mr. Lang set down in the midst of a really representative dog show, say at Birmingham or the Crystal Palace, and there howled down! His *blandis susurri* drowned in the combined clamour of mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and "the great dog-loving public in this country"!

Well, "*solvitur ululando*," hopes Mr. Leonard; and we will wait for the voice of the great dog-loving public to uplift itself and settle the question. Here, at any rate, is the book, beautiful in shape, and printed by the Constables upon sumptuous paper. And the title-page bears a rubric and a reference to Tobias' dog. "It is no need," says Wyclif in one of his sermons, "to busy us what hight Tobies' hound"; but Wyclif had never to reckon with a great dog-loving public. And Mr. Leonard, considering his work and the printers', and having dedicated it "To the Cynics"—which, I suppose, is Greek for "dog-loving public"—observes, "It is rather remarkable that no one has yet published such a book as this." Perhaps it is.

But if we take it for granted (1) that it was worth doing, and (2) that whatever be worth doing is worth doing well, then Mr. Leonard has reason for his complacency. "It was never my intention," he says, "to gather together a complete collection of even British poems about dogs."—When will that ever come, I wonder?—"I have sought to secure a representative rather than an exhaustive anthology." His selections from a mass of poetry ranging from Homer to Mr. Mallock are judicious. He is not concerned (he assures us) to defend the poetical merits of all this verse:—

"(O, the wise contentment
Th' anthologist doth find!);"

but he has provided it with notes—and capital notes they are—with a magnificent Table of Contents, an Index of Authors, an Index of First Lines, an Index of Dogs Mentioned by Name in the Poems, and an Index of the Species of Dogs Mentioned. So that, even if he miss transportation to an equal sky, the dog has better treatment on earth than most authors. And Mr. Nutt and the Messrs. Constable have done their best; and everyone knows how good is that best. And the wonder is, as Dr. Johnson remarked (concerning a dog, by the way), not that the thing is done so well, but that it should be done at all.

I do not know the opinion of the public in this matter; but presume that the publishers know what they are about, and that for the time, at any rate, public opinion is against me. I, for one, however, am getting heartily sick of books of verse that depend for their value on the printer and binder. I, for one, had a deal rather depend on the illustrator. And here it is, I think, that the designers of modern *éditions de luxe* go wrong—unpardonably wrong, for Rogers's "Italy" is ever before them, pointing out the right path. Here is a collection of verse, every bit of it mediocre, absolutely sure to live as long as this planet endures. The price was heavy; but how great the reward! Everyone desires the book. It can be held in the hand. It is beautiful with

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a beauty that no amount of commercial enterprise can ever reproduce. It is a unique thing. The arts of the printer and the paper-maker may be advanced to-morrow, and the products of their extreme skill are invariably cumbersome. But a greater than Turner must be a greater in kind, not in degree; and the "Italy" may be conned in any easy-chair, without straining any man's physique. Until the admirers of our living poets are ready to come forward with open purse and engage another Turner to illustrate their favourites, I would suggest that a little less of costly paper and type be lavished on our poets and a little more allowed to our prose writers.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE FOUNDER OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

LORD CLIVE. ("Rulers of India" Series.) By Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I. Oxford and London: Clarendon Press.

LORD CLIVE was not so much a Ruler of India as the man who laid the foundation of English rule in that country. It is very important for Englishmen to understand plainly how this was done; and the story is well rehearsed in this volume by Colonel Malleon, with the addition of some new and interesting details which fill up and give colour to the record of the main events that led up to so magnificent a result.

Colonel Malleon's place among Anglo-Indian writers is already very sufficiently determined; nor can it be doubted that he has a most thorough and intimate knowledge of his subject. But for those who undertake to guide the average reader upon an occasional tour through the tangled jungle of Anglo-Indian history in the eighteenth century, the first and most indispensable qualification is skill in cutting straight broad lines, in opening out clear perspectives, and in making the path easy by sweeping away the thickset brushwood of complicated particulars among which an untutored student toils and wanders painfully. It may be suggested that Colonel Malleon has not altogether recognised this prime necessity in his chapters upon the campaigns and intricate political transactions with the French and the native princes of South India which first brought Clive to the front. To no mortal is it given to understand without great labour the war in the Carnatic; and we fear that those who read with pleasure of the feats of personal valour, the sieges and skirmishes, the hazardous situations and perilous adventures, through which Clive and other daring Englishmen cut their way to success, will nevertheless derive from the first half of this book rather hazy and evanescent impressions of a most important period.

Our author's first object, however, was to draw a portrait of Clive; and this has been done vividly enough with considerable power of striking delineation. As Johnson observed of a nation, that unless it had courage all other virtues were of very little use, so it may be said that the essential attribute of a successful soldier is cool intrepidity—by no means a common gift. If a clear head be joined by nature with a stout heart, and if a strong dose of strenuous energy be thrown in, you have the born general; and since Clive was endowed, like Cromwell, with all these qualifications, he only needed a fair opportunity for using them. No better opening could possibly have been vouchsafed to a young Englishman, without money or connections, than the field presented by India in the middle of the eighteenth century. Colonel Malleon shows us that Clive's rise to military distinction, from the time when as a young civilian he was noticed for his gallantry in the trenches before Madras, up to the day when he routed the army of the Nawab of Bengal at Plassey, was rapid and unbroken. He exposed himself freely and fearlessly; he never lost his presence of mind in an awkward predicament; and he had that special eye for the true conditions of Oriental war and diplomacy

without which very able men are apt to make grievous blunders in Asia.

But Clive, like Arthur Wellesley forty years later, proved himself no less eminently capable as a statesman than as a soldier. In Bengal he brought administrative confusion and corruption into something like decent order; he crushed interested opposition among the civilians, and suppressed a very dangerous combination of the English military officers. "What," asked one of his generals, "shall we do if the men join their officers?" "By God," answered Clive, "we must let them have their way." But luckily the men held aloof. His foreign policy, which is well explained by Colonel Malleon, was directed toward securing for Bengal a solid frontier toward the North-West; which, indeed, if for Bengal we now read India, has been the foreign policy of British rulers for more than a century, and its object is still unattained. Clive told the East India Company, with admirable truth and foresight, that unless they resolved to draw a line and stick to it, they would before long find themselves responsible for the whole Moghul empire; nor is he to be blamed for having strenuously advised his employers not to put their affairs in such a hazard. Under the rather turgid heading of "The Return of the Conqueror-Statesman," the final chapter of this book gives a brief account of the troubles that encompassed Clive during the last years of his life in England, when he was rewarded for his splendid services by bitter Parliamentary attacks upon some of the least reputable acts of his earlier career, including the famous forgery of Admiral Watson's name (with the admiral's acquiescence) to the Julve treaty with the Nawab of Bengal. His biographer defends Clive vigorously; and it is to the credit of the English Commons that they declined to persecute a man who in great straits and for patriotic motives committed an offence whereby his nation greatly profited.

Upon one or two matters of general history we are disposed to disagree with Colonel Malleon. But for Clive, he says, "it is more than probable that Dupleix would have succeeded in establishing the basis of a French empire in Southern India." Unquestionably it was Clive who foiled Dupleix in the Carnatic; but for either France or England the base of empire in India is necessarily the sea, and here the English superiority was even then manifest. Again, Colonel Malleon, writing of the East India Directors, whom he abuses too roundly, declares that "they would have denounced as a madman that man who should have told them that the splendid doings of Clive had made them inheritors of the Moghul empire." The period referred to in this passage is about 1765, which is just the time when Clive himself was warning the Company that the whole Moghul empire was within their grasp; and we know that farsighted observers already perceived and prophesied whither things were tending. As a whole, however, this book gives a spirited and accurate sketch of a very extraordinary personality.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S TREASURE CITY?

THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND: being a Record of Excavation and Exploration in 1891. By J. Theodore Bent. With a Chapter on the Orientation and Mensuration of the Temples by R. M. W. Swan. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Second Edition.

MASHONALAND is happy in possessing no history save that of very recent date. But hard as it is for modern English average minds to realise, Mashonaland existed before its popular discovery by Lord Randolph Churchill, before the British South Africa Company originated, before the indefatigable Selous made his road or shot his elephants, and even before the vague empire of Monomatapa had any being. We speak so glibly of new lands and undeveloped country that it is hard for us to appreciate all at once the evidence which shows that somewhere far back in time the "new land" was effectively

possessed by a civilised people who mined and smelted its gold, building themselves forts and temples the while wherein to dwell and worship. Rumours of ancient ruins in Africa, south of the Zambesi, have been heard time and again, but their sound was uncertain; so that the glamour of the Scriptural Ophir of the Queen of Sheba and of Solomon in all his glory almost drove them to the realms of myth. Here, however, we have before us in its final form the record of the first effective exploration of these ruins, and the first hints worth listening to of the manner of people whose thirst for gold led them so far into the interior of Africa. Mr. Theodore Bent and his courageous wife have done good service to the archaeology of distant lands before and since their exploration of Zimbabwe, and they give every promise of doing still more daring feats in the future.

The book is divided into four parts; or, to be exact, three parts and an appendix. The division is natural, setting each in its own place: the journey to the great Zimbabwe, the excavations, and conclusions suggested by them; the exploring journey on the return to the coast; and a collection of statistical information compiled by Mr. Swan. Of the journey to the main ruins little need be said. It was a long waggon trip over the plains and by the Selous Road from Vryburg, then the railway terminus beyond Kimberley to Fort Victoria, which occupied exactly three months. One pleasing incident recorded by the way is Mr. Bent's acknowledgment that the Bantu race has produced one great and good man whom conversion to Christianity has not spoilt, nor the exercise of an unquestioned despotism rendered proud or cruel. This African hero is Khama, "a veritable father of his people, a curious and unaccountable outcrop of mental power and integrity amongst a degraded and powerless race . . . perhaps the only negro living whose biography would repay the writing." But, of course, he is a Bantu, not a Negro, except in the vague sense which stamps everyone a shade darker than ourselves as a "black man."

The central interest of the book is, of course, the great Zimbabwe, as the native Makalaka term the large group of ruins near Fort Victoria, or, indeed, any important group of buildings; for *Zimbabwe* simply means chief kraal. The ruins at this place consist of a strongly built fort on the top of an abrupt hill or kopje, a fort constructed with no little ingenuity, taking advantage of all the strategic opportunities of the site. On the level ground at the base of the hill there is a great circular ruin assumed to be a temple—at least, it appeared circular until Mr. Swan's careful measurements showed it to be an irregular oval. It is built of granite blocks carefully fitted without mortar, so that even in that damp, tropical climate the building is as durable as the rocks themselves. When the interior was cleared of the vegetation cumbering the ground, a very remarkable arrangement of lofty concentric walls, including narrow passages, was traced out. These form a labyrinth the purpose of which cannot be guessed; but they serve as approaches to a solidly built conical tower evidently incomplete, which was evidently the most sacred part of the temple, if temple it be. We cannot enter into Mr. Bent's learned discussion of the age and race of the builders of these ruins. Nor, in truth, can we altogether follow his arguments drawn from the orientation of the building and the placing of certain singular bands of ornament and tunnel-like openings. These might have had reference, as he supposes, to the movement of certain stars, and if he can find independent evidence as to what stars these were, he may, by aid of the astronomers, reason back to the date of the institution of the ruins. Failing such direct and almost impossible evidence, we fear the voice of the stars will be silent as to the chronology. Mr. Bent had some much more definite evidence than any to be based on measurements and orientations which may profitably be checked or confirmed by future work. He has

found many remarkable soapstone sculptures, some ingot-moulds, many fragments of decorated pottery, and implements of bronze and iron. From these he shows convincingly that the builders of Zimbabwe were of Semitic and possibly Sabæan origin, working the gold mainly for the Phœnician market. That they practised phallic worship is perfectly apparent, and this fact fixes a minimum limit to their period, which must have been before—and probably long before—the dawn of Mohammedanism. Mr. Bent saw every evidence of a Semitic racial strain in the present dwellers in South Central Africa, now in feature, again in rites, a glimmering even in language. It would, indeed, be curious if the Old Testament analysis so freely found by the early missionaries in South Africa, and so heartily laughed at by the arm-chair geographers at home, were to prove well founded after all. Arm-chair geographers have always been peculiarly unfortunate in their attacks on African explorers, and by this time, probably, the most dogmatic of them has learned the wisdom of Gamaliel, and contents himself with watching each new theory to see if haply it comes to naught.

Mr. Bent did a capital piece of genuine exploration on his way home by the Pungwe river and Beira, and he has a good word to say for the Portuguese officers at Massekesse. Mrs. Bent's photographs beautify the book and enhance its value; she proved herself one of the most hard-working members of the expedition, and, to the vindication of her sex be it said, quite the healthiest, being the only one who entirely escaped fever.

CO-OPERATION IN BANKING.

PEOPLE'S BANKS: A RECORD OF SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC SUCCESS. By Henry W. Wolff. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. WOLFF writes lucidly and suggestively on a subject of which, in his words, "our knowledge is still little more than a blank." Self-help in the German and Italian form of making the working-man his own banker has been the flitting dream of a few, but as yet, in this country of co-operators, has never been grasped as a definite possibility. Mr. Wolff's volume is welcome just because the application of such a principle must mean so much for the economic future of English democracy.

Everywhere there have been efforts to get for the poor and weak, by combination, some share in advantages and resources of which the rich and powerful have full command. While co-operation has gone more to supply in England and to production in France, the natural bent of co-operation in Germany and Italy was to the provision of cheap credit—the first necessity of countries of small and detached industries, and of widespread and oppressive usury.

The movement, from its inception, has been for the emancipation of labour as well as for the expansion of opportunities. The problem first faced in Germany has been the same everywhere—to build up a system of credit for those who had no security to offer. The methods have greatly varied. It is in stating and contrasting these methods, in close criticism of their results, in analysis of the causes of success and failure, and in grouping the most pointed and decisive conclusions of the great continental economists that Mr. Wolff does best service. He gives a careful summary of the machinery Schulze-Delitzsch and Raiffeisen set at work forty years ago in Germany, traces the bolder modifications of German ideas by Luzzatti under the different conditions of Italy, shows why and how Belgium, Switzerland, and France have fallen short and comparatively failed in creating cheap and sound co-operative credit, and winds up with an interesting, though inevitably inconclusive, chapter of suggestions as to the adaptation of the proposal to English wants.

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It is interesting to note that the German experiments, springing from acute economic pressure, have attained their gigantic development not by State aid, but in spite of the State. The enthusiasm and devotion and genius of those who started and guided the movement have done much, but, Mr. Wolff shows, they could have done nothing whatever if the banks had been hothouse exotics, and not the natural outcome of a true economic evolution.

Whether it is Schulze-Delitzsch's scheme, with its shares and dividends and paid officials, or Raiffeisen's system of gradually piling up a reserve, or Luzzatti's reconstruction of both ideas, the banks have, in the first instance, everywhere been schools of thrift: savings banks with a moral compulsion. But they are savings banks for the specific purpose of multiplying indefinitely the reproductive power of thrift. They have "demonstrated what a practically inexhaustible resource of power lies hidden in the labour, frugality, and honesty of a nation's workers." Labour and its results are capital which you can discount, and by discounting indefinitely expand and develop. That is the idea the banks have turned into a living force.

Mr. Wolff fights over the battle between Schulze-Delitzsch and Raiffeisen with perhaps too strong a bias in favour of the latter. The truth probably is that the circumstances of industries and the methods of getting together and utilising money must vary, and there is room for more than one plan of campaign.

In Schulze-Delitzsch's scheme each member is committed to a course of saving till he has paid up his £30 single share. The working capital, varying from three to five times the share capital, is made up with deposits from outsiders as well as members, and with money borrowed on the security of the unlimited liability of the members. Credit is granted in the way of current accounts or specific loans for short terms at rates ranging from twelve to eight per cent. The objections taken are that high dividends have made them rather joint-stock banks than genuine co-operative associations, and that to a large extent they have fought usury by practising it. These banks cater for a widely scattered *clientèle*, who have no direct personal control, and the salaried officials have been too much tempted to risky and speculative business, entailing in several instances very serious disaster. The system may not be perfect, but that it has been an enormous factor in the prosperity of Germany is plain from the fact that there are now in German-speaking countries between 4,000 and 5,000 "Schulze" banks, with over 1,500,000 members, and turning over annually not less than 450 millions sterling.

The distinctive note of the Raiffeisen banks is that they are strictly local, self-governing associations of the men in a village, or other small area, who mean to keep their heads above water, and who know all about, and are able to trust and to control, each other. There are no shares or dividends, no profits to members except the privilege of borrowing. All surplus goes into the reserve, which grows little by little to a rock of stability. Loans are made at 5 per cent. on note of hand with sureties. Indiscriminate or ill-considered borrowing is discouraged. Members must borrow for specified purposes, and under the eyes of their colleagues. Should the money be misapplied it is promptly called in. If properly used, the loan may run on for ten years, or even longer. Seventy-five per cent. of the loans are for periods of from one to ten years. The banks of a district form a union for mutual support. Above them is the central committee of supervision and a central bank, whose functions are solely to facilitate the finance of the local associations and to serve as the common cash-box for their surplus money. The cheapness of the machinery is as notable as its safety. The work is done by volunteers; the only paid official of the local banks is the cashier. The

central bank turns over 16,000,000 marks at a cost of less than one-tenth of one per cent. The checks on fraud by this system of small areas, and each man knowing his neighbour, have proved so effective that in forty-three years there have been but ten cases of fraud. As Mr. Wolff puts it, we find in the 2,000 or more Raiffeisen banks millions of money lent to poor men, and not a farthing lost, and lack of money for productive purposes made absolutely a thing of the past. The system has not only helped individuals, it has developed by the side of the banks the co-operative supply of agricultural implements, fertilisers, and seeds, and has organised dairy work and hop and vine culture, and all on the same lines of pure co-operation; all profits going to cheapen operations, not to fill the pockets of individuals. Fighting usury hand to hand with such weapons, Raiffeisenism has set free hundreds of thousands of the small cultivators of Germany. Mr. Wolff gives an interesting sketch of Mülheim, a village on the Rhine, where the pick of the small population have by their Raiffeisen bank swept away the Jews, built up a most substantial prosperity, placed the best agricultural machinery at the disposal of the small holders, helped by organisation to get command of the early-fruit market in England, and (what should commend Raiffeisenism to our land-owners) raised the price of land to nearly £300 an acre! Why could not good work like this be done in some of our own starved, tumble-down, pauper-tainted villages in rural England?

Luzzatti's success in Italy has been still more striking. In twenty-five years, starting from nothing, his network of banks, catering for many classes, from the small professional man or official down to the hawker who comes for a loan of ten francs, have sprung to a position in which they control a working capital of between twenty and thirty millions sterling, or more than a third of the whole working capital of the kingdom. Luzzatti has built upon what he boldly calls the "capitalisation of honesty," and has more than once weathered financial storms which have wrecked banks apparently more orthodox and more solidly based. Working in close touch with the friendly societies, shunning the risks of unlimited liability, supplementing savings and deposits by the rapid rediscounting of bills, and by the issue of interest-bearing bonds for fixed terms, studying not so much dividends as cheap and safe lending, Luzzatti has combined all that is best in Schulze-Delitzsch with the local self-regulation of machinery which was Raiffeisen's master-idea. Mr. Wolff gives samples big and little. Thus a handful of poor watchmakers near Florence start a tiny bank with £15, and in their first year get £1,120 in deposits, and lend £1,240, with a net profit more than enough to pay off their shares. The monster bank at Milan began in 1866 with a capital of £28, of which Luzzatti contributed one-seventh. "Moi, je souscrivis 100 lire, j'étais le millionnaire de la bande." Twenty-three years after the paid-up capital and reserve stands at half a million sterling, deposits and savings at 3½ millions, loans made exceed 4½ millions, and, most striking of all, on the turnover for the year of 72 millions sterling, in very small credit transactions, the total loss is only £2,608.

Safety has been found in careful choice of members, and in unpaid volunteer committees, who, knowing what each man is good for, regulate loans and revise their conditions with precision.

Loans are made for short periods on bills, notes of hand, and in various ways of discounting for cash labour and other contracts. The poor English milliner we heard of, who with heavy bills due to her had nothing but bread and water for Christmas fare, could in Italy have got cash down from her bank. Loans have been extended to the very poor on a mere promise to repay, and on twelve years the loss on these loans "on honour" has been less than one per cent. This and many other illustrations given by Mr. Wolff, prove the "rare educational value" of